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Winsome Womanhood.

Margaret E. Sangster

Alma C. Johnson.
1906.

This One
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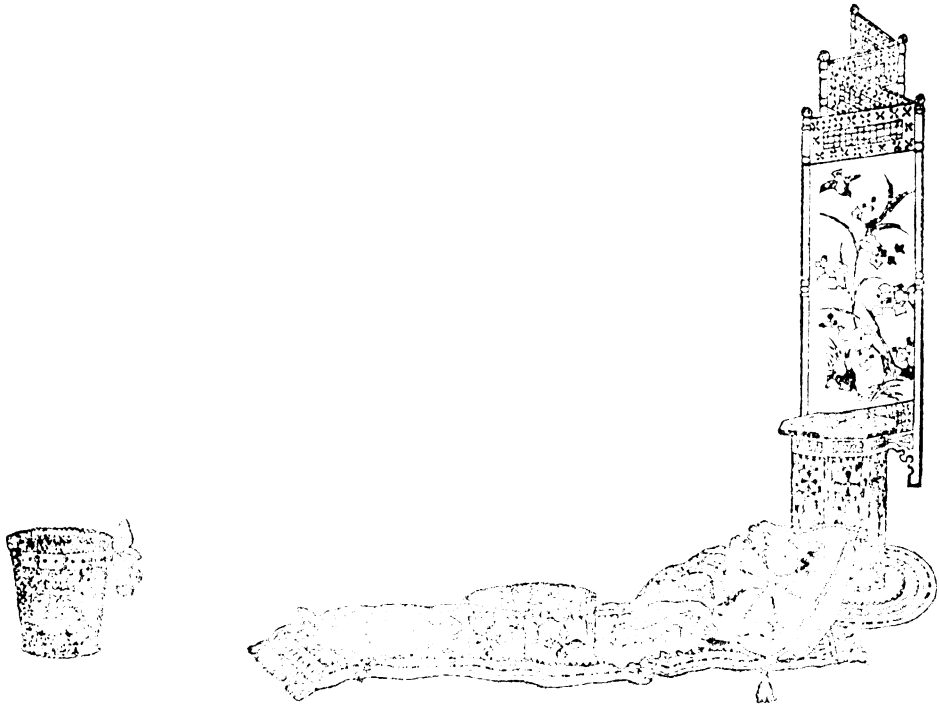
Winsome Womanhood



IN ABSENCE.

Wherever you are, my darling,
On land or sea to-day.
I am wishing you near,
I am holding you dear,
I am thinking how I can pray
For a blessing upon your way.

Winsome Womanhood.

Margaret E. Sangster

ILLUSTRATED by STUDIES from LIFE

by

WILLIAM BUCKINGHAM DYER

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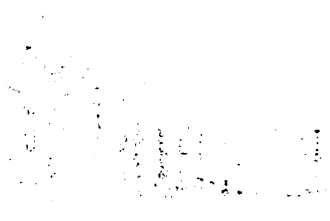
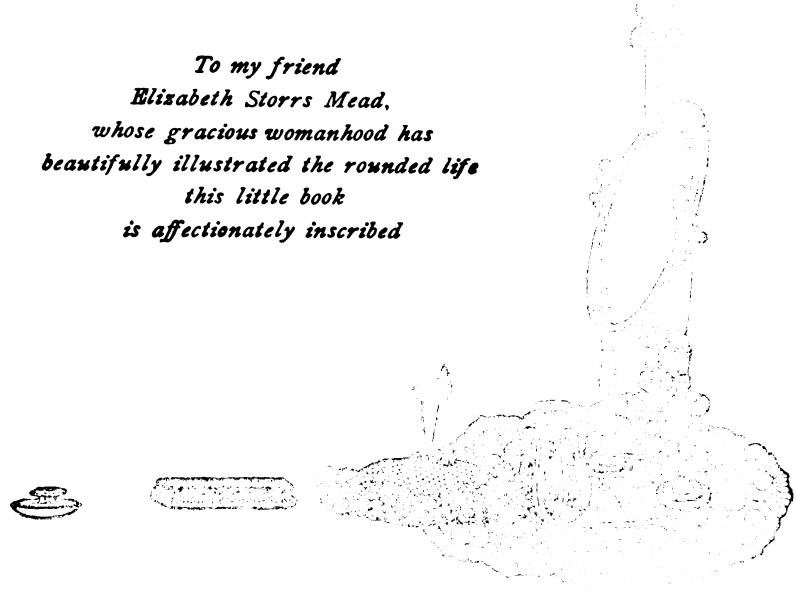


To my friend
Elizabeth Storrs Mead,
whose gracious womanhood has
beautifully illustrated the rounded life
this little book
is affectionately inscribed



Winsome Womanhood

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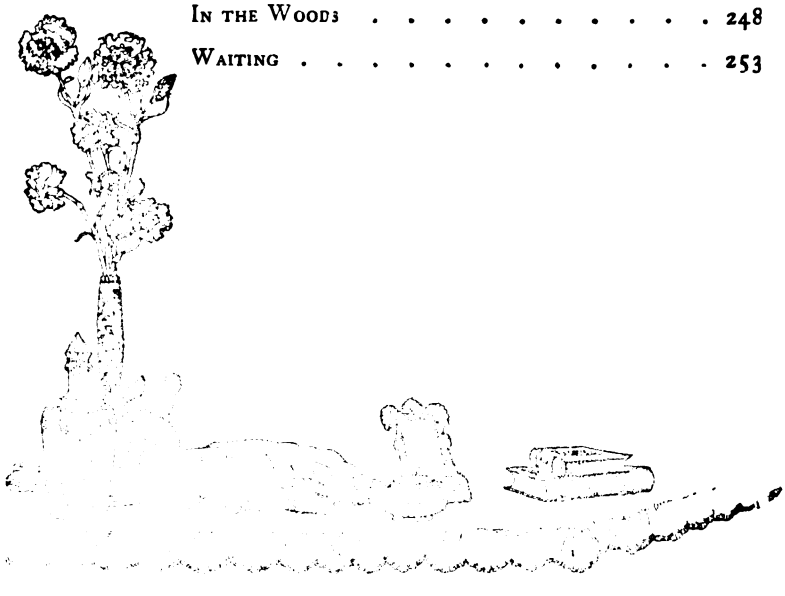

Winsome Womanhood

Foreword

"O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine."

THIS little book has been written for women, with a wish and hope that it may prove suggestive and helpful to the girl in her teens, who faces so many problems, and stands before an unknown future, to the older woman bearing the responsibilities of middle life, and to her whose outlook is toward the setting sun. God is so good to us all in these days of large movement and increasing privilege, that more than ever before we owe to Him a debt of grateful love.

Our whole-hearted devotion is not too much to offer Him. It is our highest honor that we may work for God in this world of His, and that every day may be a stepping stone toward Heaven.

I have called the book "Winsome Womanhood" because it is my firm belief that we are strongest as we are gentlest, that the "loving are the dar-

ing," and that the ideal Christian woman should be especially serene, tender, and full of charm. In the Twentieth Century, with Martha, she may be enterprising, busy, and efficient, but with Mary also, she shall find time to sit at the Master's feet.

Never has there been a greater occasion for the Christian woman to take a firm stand for the principles which she has avowed. Never in our modern days, has society so insidiously opposed the claims of simple Christianity. The opportunity not only invites; it is urgent and imperative, and women cannot evade it. May all who read these pages accept the Lord Christ as their Master and Friend.

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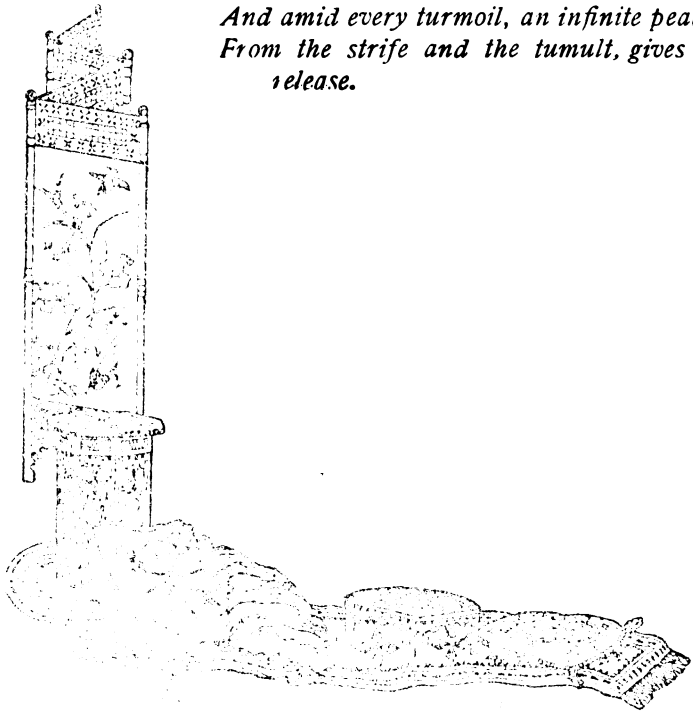
Part One— Day Break

Whatever betide us, whatever befall,
Our Father will guide us, He rules over all.
And nothing can happen, save as He shall send
A gift from His hand, as from friend unto friend.

Wherever we fare, and wherever we rest,
Our Father is there, as the end of our quest;
And amid every turmoil, an infinite peace
From the strife and the tumult, gives joyful release.



Winsome Womanhood

One

The Girl of Fifteen

"WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET."

IT makes no little difference to the girl of fifteen whether or not she is the oldest daughter of her parents, or occupies the place in the middle of the household where she touches hands with the young people who are grown up and with the little ones below her, or again, is the baby of the group. In the last position, that of youngest daughter in a household of several children, she is considered and treated as a mere child, and petted as such, when, in the reverse situation, many duties would fall to her lot, and she would be regarded as almost a woman. The middle daughter has certain advantages, and certain handicaps which neither the oldest nor the youngest girl in the family may possess or disclaim. Unless her people are very well-to-do, she must contentedly wear the left-over garments of her sisters while Phyllis at twenty and Dorothy at eighteen are busy in

taking their college courses. She is only Jeanie, who helps her mother at odd seasons with the housekeeping, mends her father's gloves, plays basket ball and tennis with her brothers, and relieves the nurse of the care of the wee ones, on the nurse's afternoon out. Only Jeanie, with her hair still worn in its two braids and tied with a ribbon at the ends, her bright eyes, her long limbs yet pushing their way to her future height, her angularities, her eager impulsive disposition, and her frank liking for sports and sweets. She is fifteen, and the middle girl, a sort of clasp of the family.

But Phyllis and Dorothy in their respective turns were fifteen too, and as the elder daughter and the second daughter have had their share in the mother's intimacy, and their novitiate as they slipped out of childhood's land of dream and phantasy into the realm of the practical which is woman's kingdom. An elder daughter and sister at fifteen, or an only child at fifteen, has her peculiar and individual questions to settle, and her environment is a matter of no slight importance. What she is now, forecasts what she may be, what indeed she will be twenty years hence, when life with its broad opportunities and its insistent obligations has made her its own.

She stands to-day where the little limpid brook with its narrow silvery thread and flower-bordered banks meets the brimming full-bosomed river, and it is impossible not to love her, not to be wistful

for her, not to pray for her, if one has in her own heart the memory of the sweet days she lived when she was herself fifteen, and a daughter of some happy home.

Winsome and clever, or thoughtful and brooding, merry or quiet, according to her temperament, the girl of fifteen is in some phases a problem to her mother, and in many ways a puzzle to herself. She is no longer a child to play freely with her mates in the games which delighted her at ten, and she is not yet a young woman, though she may have womanly tastes and aspirations. On certain subjects, as for instance her dress, her amusements, her studies, she has very decided views, and she is daily gaining in breadth and independence, though still under her mother's wing, and accustomed to refer all questions at issue to her for settlement as the final authority. Just now she needs more than ever the mother's loving guardianship, and the wise mother keeps her daughter very close to her side in confidential affection, in daily intercourse, in the purest and most intimate association. For the little woman is passing through a transitional period in her development, and she can nowhere else be as safe and as sheltered, as in the sweet seclusion of the home. Should the mother decide to send her away to school, then the choice should be a matter of careful thought, and personal investigation, the atmosphere of the institution, the character of the teachers, and the social plane of the pupils, being

all passed under review. The associations formed in school may be of life-long tenure, and it is well that a young girl's friendships be made among those who are the product of refined and Christian homes.

At fifteen a young girl is full of enthusiasm. She adores her favorite teacher; she worships the classmate who seems to her ideally beautiful and faultless, she makes any sacrifice for her chum, and chameleon-like, unless she be of very strongly marked individuality, she takes on the color, absorbs the manner and reflects the opinions of her companions.

She expresses herself in superlatives, and exaggerates both likes and dislikes. It is far more important that a girl at this formative stage of her being shall be thrown with high-minded and gracious-mannered persons, than that she shall be thoroughly drilled in Latin and mathematics, though this too is a worth while thing.

She resents the curb, and must be taught by example rather than by dictation. Her physical life is subject to well-known alternations and perils, and if she is to become physically a strong, well-poised woman, with firm health and serene vigor, she must now have the good food, the sound, abundant sleep, and the wholesome out-door exercise which build up the body, and make it the fit instrument of a noble mind.

Looking forward is the natural employment of this child-woman, who is not as yet sure of her-

self, nor aware of her own powers. If she desire the finest intellectual discipline available to-day, she may be prepared for college at home or in a good preparatory school, but she should not enter college itself until she is at least eighteen years old. No harm will be done her, but on the contrary a great and very positive good, if she drop all study of books for a year or more, at this stage of her progress and learn some lessons in practical housewifery, in the best school of domestic economy in the whole world, a mother's own kitchen and drawing-room.

A college graduate, however profound and brilliant, however fully furnished mentally, is hardly fitted to be an all-around woman, whose lot it may be either to marry a man of small means, or to administer the affairs of a millionaire's household, unless she practically understands cooking, catering, and general home management. Nor may the twentieth-century spinster dispense with this excellent knowledge, and particularly to-day when the trend of young girls is away from house service and toward factory and shop, there is a demand for the fullest possible training of the mistress, in order that her maids may remain in her employ, and domestic service with its obvious advantages for women cease to be shunned by wage-earners.

Never will our girl of fifteen more readily and more delightfully take the first steps in this department, than in an interval saved from school

at one end and college at the other, and utilized to the best of attainments by an accomplished mother.

Fifteen takes its perplexities very seriously and grieves without restraint over its sorrows. Never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that early girlhood is a season of unalloyed pleasure. To many girls it is a time of restlessness, of quicksands and reefs, of romantic dreams which bring only disappointments, and of poignant pain to sensitive natures which are wounded because misunderstood.

The reserves of girlhood are an unfathomed sea. For no reason which she can explain, the young girl often withholds her thoughts and fancies from her parents, and folds herself in secrecy, like a rosebud not yet ready to bloom. It may be that her mother, who is her natural confidante, has been so busy and so cumbered with outside service in the church, and in society, that she has lost her hold upon her child, and when this occurs it is a deplorable misfortune. For a daughter's first refuge should be her mother, her next best shield her father. Now and then it happens that a much occupied father understands his little girl in a subtle way, uncomprehended by her mother. Her inexperience needs a guide, and she must be piloted over and across the perils which lie between her, and the happy days awaiting her farther on. The two watchwords of her life are sympathy and freedom, and she needs both in equal measure.

Every young girl cannot arrange her life as she desires. With severe endeavor and splendid self-denial, some daughters of the mountain farm and of the city tenement secure a college education; but others must early begin to assist their families by their own toil. In the great shops of our cities, and in every factory town, scores and hundreds of very young girls go to their daily avocations, and bring home their weekly stipend to help clothe and feed the younger children, and to ease the load which hard-working parents carry. The accidents of circumstance do not materially affect the character of the girl of fifteen, except that outside life and hard work as a rule mature her early.

Exposed to the rougher winds of fortune, to the greater publicity, she is not to be the less shielded, but rather the more, by her parents and friends. As a rule the mother of the young working girl is alive to the need of caring for her during her evenings and holidays, and all honor should be given to women, themselves weary with long hours of labor, who mother their young daughters as sedulously as do mothers who move in a different sphere, with homes of plenty, and the ease of a long purse at command.

In a beautiful and loving sisterhood of service the Young Woman's Christian Association and the Friendly Guilds of the churches, the Leagues and Endeavor Circles, and King's Daughters' groups of Ten, look after and help upward on her steep ascent, the youthful bread-

winner who has taken her place as a unit in the great competitions of the labor market.

Nobody who has to do with a girl of fifteen, but has observed her recklessness as to wraps, her fondness for bonbons, her indifference to overshoes and thick boots. Hers is the bread and butter age, when she scorns precautions and is averse to the whole machinery of prudence. With a fatal facility she picks up and adopts the college slang of her brothers, or the more objectionable catchwords of the street. She needs constant reminders of her duty to her mother-tongue even when her home associations are ideal.

It is well for our young girl if she form the habit of going every day by herself for a little quiet time, of reading her Bible and praying in the morning and at night. When a little girl she said her prayers as she was taught. Now she must enter the court of the Most High, and for her own soul's sake, confess her sins, ask grace to resist temptation and commune with her Heavenly Father. No earthly love, no tenderness of parent or wisdom of preceptor, can impart to her at this time, the strength, the grace, and the beauty, which will be hers, as she seeks the throne of our ever blessed Immanuel and turns to Him as Master and Friend. At fifteen she may well begin, if she has not already done this, her outward connection with the Church of Christ, entering thus upon a service altogether free and her bounden duty.

A room of her very own, as tastefully appointed and comfortably furnished as possible, should be every young girl's retreat. Here she may enjoy the half hours for devotion which tend to the soul's growth, and may read and study and entertain a girl friend, and be as independent of the rest of the family as she pleases. In this, her den, her nook, her bower, her special fancies may be indulged, and her individuality find fit expression.

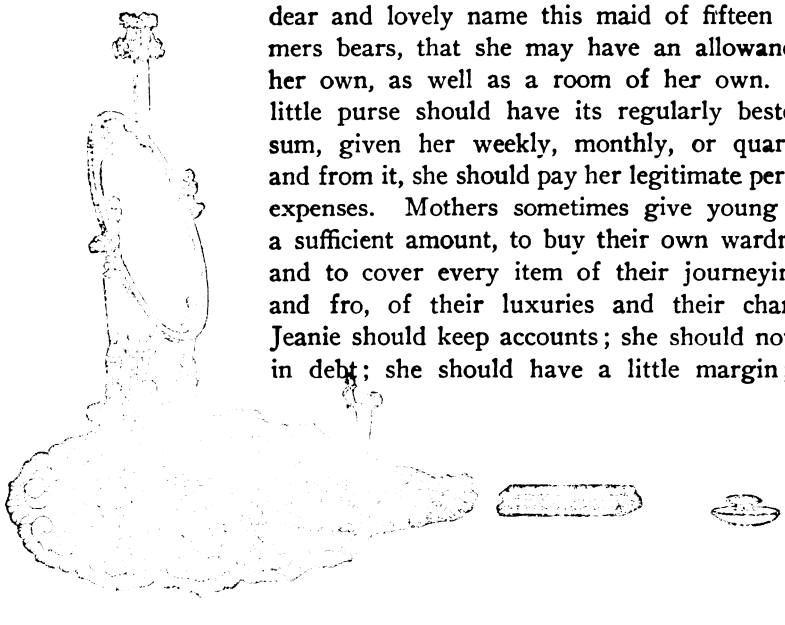
If a girl admit me to her room, I need no other interpreter of her character. Her daintiness, her delicacy, her fondness for art, her little fads and caprices are here revealed. Does she care for athletics, her room tells the story. Her mandolin or banjo, her books on the swinging shelf, her desk, her dressing-table explain her, for wherever we live we set our seal, and this unconsciously. The untidy girl keeps her room in chaos and confusion: it looks as if swept by a small cyclone. The orderly and fastidious girl has a place for each belonging and puts it there without effort and without fuss. As for the room itself, it may be plain to bareness, or beautifully luxurious; a cell, or a shrine it owes its grace or lack of charm more to its occupant than to its paper and paint, its bed and bureau, its rug and chairs.

When a mother cannot give her young daughter a whole room for herself, she should at least contrive for her a little sanctuary, by means of screens and curtains. Some one spot where she

may rest the sole of her foot, should belong to the young girl, if only a corner under the stairs, or a good-sized closet with a window and door.

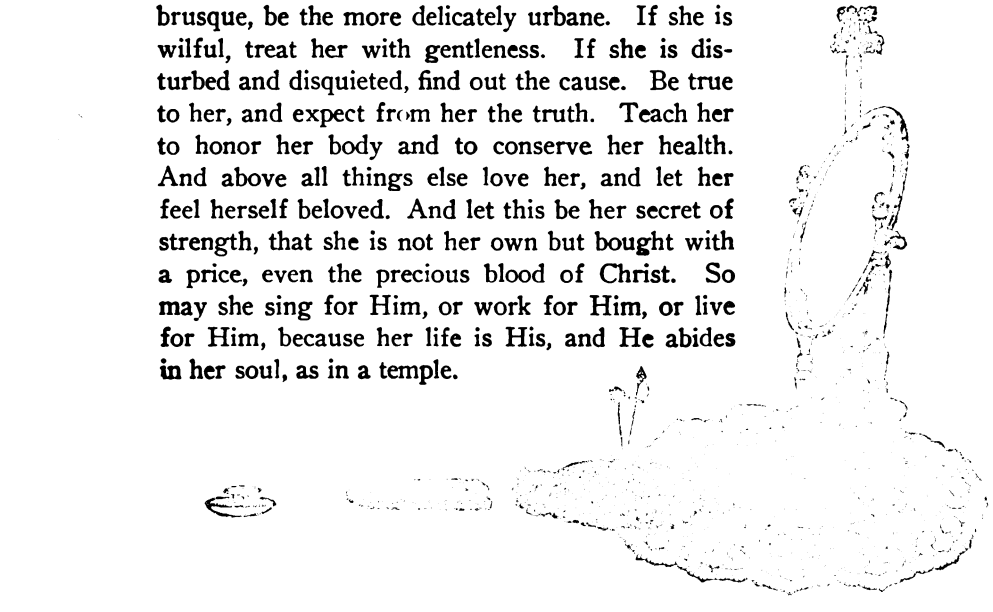
With its delicate papering of rose-pink or robin's egg-blue, its furnishings in white, its rocking chair, its table, its sheer muslin draperies, its simple engravings on the wall, its cups and saucers that she may give her chum a cup of tea or chocolate, the girl's room need cost little in money. All the good things in this world do not depend on gold and silver, nor need we resign our right to beautiful surroundings because we must keep a strict rein upon expenditure, and have an eye to ways and means. Unless a young woman learns early to make the most of her little in hand, she will never be successful when she has a large sum in her stewardship.

And this leads me to plead for my little Jeanie, my Gladys, my May, my Rosamond, whatever dear and lovely name this maid of fifteen summers bears, that she may have an allowance of her own, as well as a room of her own. Her little purse should have its regularly bestowed sum, given her weekly, monthly, or quarterly, and from it, she should pay her legitimate personal expenses. Mothers sometimes give young girls a sufficient amount, to buy their own wardrobes, and to cover every item of their journeying to and fro, of their luxuries and their charities. Jeanie should keep accounts; she should not run in debt; she should have a little margin; she



should learn judicious saving, as well as careful spending, and at fifteen, it should be her custom, to lay aside a portion of her means for the Lord's treasury.

One final word. A sensitive girl often suffers from the teasing proclivities of her brothers, and from the thoughtless despotism of her elder sisters. She has her rights and her privileges, and among them is immunity from needless jesting and careless tyranny. Nor ought a young girl to be reproved in public nor held up to ridicule, nor snubbed by any incivility. She is an unformed being to some extent, and to mar her in the making is exceedingly short-sighted and unkind. Exact from her the performance of her regular daily duties, in the task-work of the school, and in the routine of the home, but include her in the simple household pleasures, and surround her with the protection of considerate politeness. If she is brusque, be the more delicately urbane. If she is wilful, treat her with gentleness. If she is disturbed and disquieted, find out the cause. Be true to her, and expect from her the truth. Teach her to honor her body and to conserve her health. And above all things else love her, and let her feel herself beloved. And let this be her secret of strength, that she is not her own but bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ. So may she sing for Him, or work for Him, or live for Him, because her life is His, and He abides in her soul, as in a temple.



Of Frances Ridley Havergal, at this beautiful dawning of her life, a friend said, "Her form was graceful as a flower-stem; her face as bright as the flower itself. She flashed into the room, carolling like a bird. Flashed! Yes, I say the word advisedly, flashed in like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze, and stood before us, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh, sweet voice ringing through the room. There was joy in her face, joy in her words, joy in her ways."

So I would have my girl of fifteen make her world the blither, where the brook and the river meet.

READING TO FATHER.

Read from the chapter she used to read,
Read in the self-same tone,
She loved, ere she heard the angel's call
And left us here alone.
Read, and the nearer we'll be to her,
Who is safe by the Saviour's throne.

A Daughter at Home

Two

"A ROSEBUD SET WITH LITTLE WILFUL THORNS"

NOT every household in the land has its darling ministering daughter, but no household is complete without one. Into what need of the hour does she not fit, what longing of the heart does she not fill, this dear young thing who repeats in face and form the sweetness of the mother's past, and in trick and gesture, pose and accent, is a feminine copy of her father. The princess royal wherever we find her is the girl whose office it is to rule her circle of kinsfolk by right of her soft invincibility, and to serve them in virtue of her unwearied strength. All the lovelier if she be gently insistent on her privileges, and not too subdued and restrained, as the charm of the rose is enhanced by its shielding briers, it is permitted to the daughter of the house to have in many minor details, her own way. If she de-

cree alterations they are made, if she desire innovations, her family sanctions them: it is Katherine, Marion, Lillie, Charlotte whose happy day of queenly prerogatives has arrived, and her people from the grandparents down are devoted and obedient subjects.

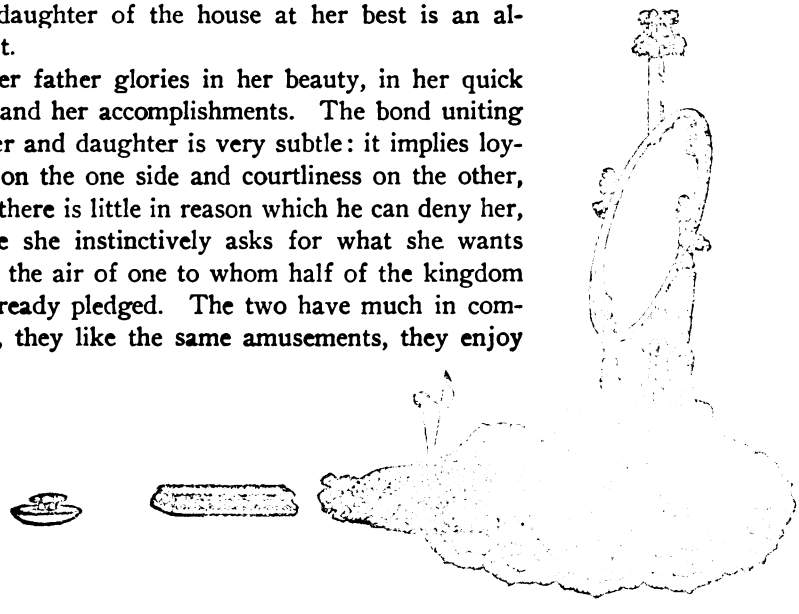
The mother in her chair of state is not often ready to abdicate merely because her little girl has let down her frocks and put up her hair, because she has laid by the severities of her college cap and gown, and donned a young lady's attire in frills and ruffles, trains and laces and ribbons. Dear Mother prefers as yet to keep house in person, and delegates only a small share of her work to her pretty Celia or Dorothy. But in portions of the homemaking Celia naturally takes part, and especially is she in evidence in the home's hospitalities. She pours tea at five o'clock for the friends who call informally, and when Mother has a day or days of reception, her daughter is to her a right hand. The small and graceful courtesies, never obtrusive, but always appreciated, which add so much to a visitor's pleasure, the fresh towels in the guest chamber, the flowers renewed in bowl and vase, the bric-a-brac dusted, the slippers ready for father's tired feet, the cushion softly interposed at the moment when the mother's back begins to ache, the prompting word which enables Aunty to tell her favorite story, the needles ready threaded for grandmother, these little cares

are within the province of the daughter of the house.

She is popular with servants, and many a time a fervent blessing follows her, spoken lovingly by cook or maid to whom she is always a particular providence. Hers is the happy knack of making people satisfied with themselves, and Bridget and Patrick, Norah and John serve her with alacrity because she requests and does not order, and is unstinted in her pleasant return of thanks for their kindness. The letters which they send to their cousins beyond the seas are often written for them by their young lady and she knows what they want to say, and says it in honeyed phrases which commend her tact and discretion to those whose willing amanuensis she is.

I am not surprised to find that like Mrs. Browning's heroine in a familiar poem, 'tis her thinking of others, makes you think of her, for the daughter of the house at her best is an altruist.

Her father glories in her beauty, in her quick wit, and her accomplishments. The bond uniting father and daughter is very subtle: it implies loyalty on the one side and courtliness on the other, and there is little in reason which he can deny her, while she instinctively asks for what she wants with the air of one to whom half of the kingdom is already pledged. The two have much in common, they like the same amusements, they enjoy



the same books and when they go on a journey together, the father's attentions are as tender as a lover's to the maiden whose undimmed brightness almost confers a distinction upon him. Outsiders observe the relation between the two, and smile in sympathy. A boat or a train is the richer for carrying such travellers.

Some skill in amateur nursing is a gift which the girl should seek to obtain if it is not her birthright, for there are often occasions when she may be called upon to care for illness, and soothe an invalid. I am supposing that our Dorothy is herself well, as every young woman should be, and that she prizes her health, so that she does not foolishly overdraw her reserves. "I nursed my mother through two years of intense suffering," said a daughter, "and I was often with her at night as well as in the daytime, but I did not break down, I exercised regularly, before open windows if I could not go out, I took what rest I could, and I kept cheerful for her sake." A course in nursing, if not the full course of the trained nurse, then the partial one of the trained assistant, gives a young woman invaluable preparation for the demands which sooner or later her life will make upon her, in the department of caring intelligently for the sick. Lessons in first aid to the injured are also beyond price, showing a girl what to do and how to do it in a case of emergency, when a person has had a fall, or is burned, or faints, or is wounded or maimed by

accident. Presence of mind is learned by those who are drilled and disciplined by exact practical training, and the time devoted to this by a young woman is put to good account.

If the daughter of the house wishes to make herself still further useful in her day and generation, still further able to "serve the present age," let her take the beautiful series of lessons which the kindergartner finds prescribed for her, not that she may teach the babies, but that she may acquire the precision, the serenity, the matchless tact and the sweet winningness which distinguish and adorn the teachers of Froebel's system. A young woman will be the lovelier in society, the better fitted for her future responsibilities as they come one by one, for having taken a course at a kindergarten school.

I am supposing, dear rosebud of the little wilful thorns, that you are willing to bloom in the home borders, that you are not anxious for a wider career than home offers you. These are days of restlessness and aspiration beyond the bounds of home, and young women are invited on many sides to step into a sphere that seems wider than the somewhat circumscribed circle of home interests. A girl conscious of her own ability, with leanings toward professional or business life, with the knowledge that she can successfully compete with others, may often say to herself, "Have I the right to fold my talent in a napkin; shall I not thus be guilty of unfaithfulness and waste?" Or

she wonders why there should be limitations hedging her about, when in the case of her brother, not better equipped, not more aggressive than herself, it is expected and required that he shall engage in the competitions of his time, do battle with the public wrong, strive for the public right, and, in the open field enter the lists with his peers! An ambitious and wide awake young girl often chafes against the hampering conditions of her lot, and wishes that she might without question do with her life as she pleases. And in this she is not to be blamed, nor for this should she be hastily condemned. The point of view must be regarded, and the twentieth century atmosphere weighed in the balance.

We have gone a long way forward in the last thirty years, and, upon the whole, so far as woman is concerned, the progress has been along lines of elevation and dignity. When, at twenty a girl's friend began to speak of her as *passée,* if at that hour no lover loomed up on the horizon, when she was kept in tutelage if unmarried, long after she was a mature woman, mature in years, experience and appearance, when "old maid" was a term of opprobrium, and old maidhood a situation of reproach, it was not strange that girls envied their mothers, and wished to change places with them. The pendulum has of late been swinging the other way; young women may easily support themselves by their honorable endeavor and their fathers and mothers no longer need seek

for them a provision in marriage. If they marry, it is because their hearts go with the surrender of their hands, because love hallows the bond, not because they wish or need to be taken care of by a husband. The woman may care for herself. She will not be a burden on her toilworn father, nor a clog upon her brothers, since if the necessity exist she may herself become a wage-earner.

This being conceded, may we not urge upon our thoughtful daughter, that she shall continue at home, filling every little space and crevice with sunshine and sweetness, when her family does not ask or suggest her going beyond it, when the means are sufficient, and she is more welcome there than the day dawn after midnight, and find at home an arena of effort, worth her utmost powers?

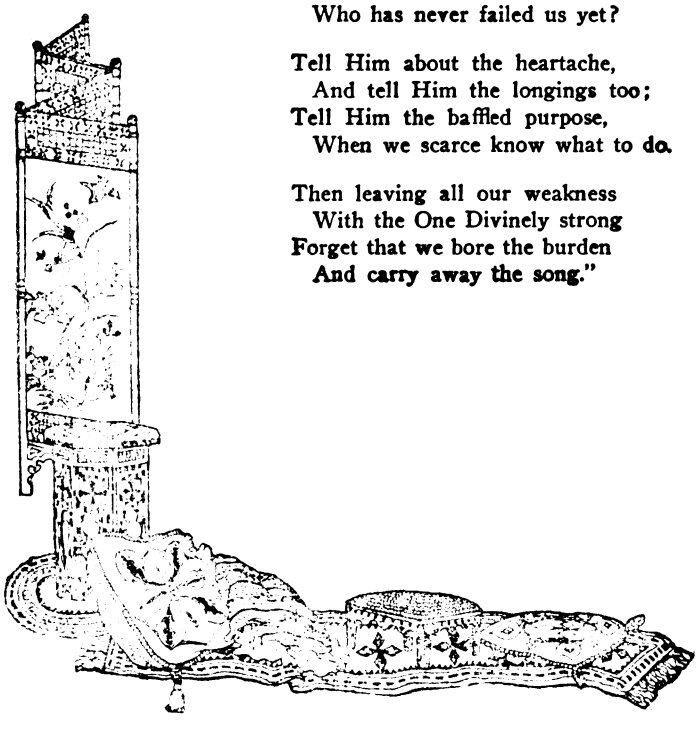
Father and mother are at the top of the hill. Their steps must soon begin to tread the descending slope. They gave of their self-denial, their vigor, their generosity, to educate you, dear Dora, dear Madeline, when you were younger; they spared no pains that you might have the very best they could obtain for you. Now, they are weary. They find the honey growing thin on the daily bread. They need fun in the house, the stimulus of the younger life. Your voice, your ideas, your mirth, your impressions, the touch of the new generation, are important to them, and you may be to them at this period, as the tide to the bar-

panist is absent, who will smooth out a tangle among the young people, and who will take charge of a Junior Endeavor or a Juvenile Missionary Society. It is being young, and dear and sweet, and well-poised, and consecrating all you are to God. Surely the home-daughter need not fear to magnify her place of honor in God's world. And she if she have her moments of discouragement as who has not, may well begin, before youth and youthful enthusiasm wane, to lean ever on the Friend Who will always be at her side.

"The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper,
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.

Then leaving all our weakness
With the One Divinely strong
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song."



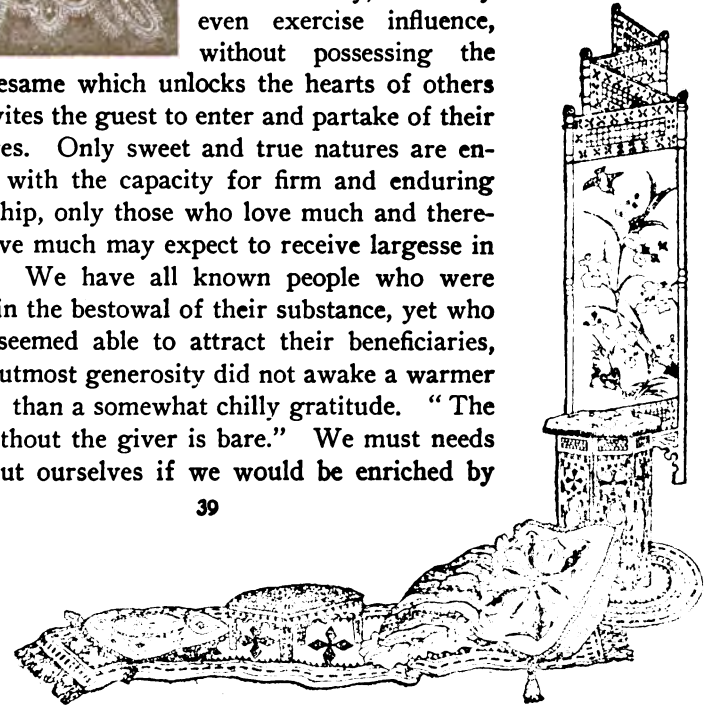
THE DAY OF THE ROSE.

Oh, radiant is the rose-day,
When perfume overflows,
When everywhere the skies are fair,
And buds their hearts unclose;
There is no sorrow in the world,
No shadow dims the rose.

Three — The Girl and Her Friends

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

THE essential to permanence in friendship is unselfishness. To win and hold friends one must be altruistic. A person may excite admiration, may move to envy, and may even exercise influence, without possessing the open sesame which unlocks the hearts of others and invites the guest to enter and partake of their treasures. Only sweet and true natures are endowed with the capacity for firm and enduring friendship, only those who love much and therefore give much may expect to receive largesse in return. We have all known people who were lavish in the bestowal of their substance, yet who never seemed able to attract their beneficiaries, whose utmost generosity did not awake a warmer feeling than a somewhat chilly gratitude. "The gift without the giver is bare." We must needs pour out ourselves if we would be enriched by



faithful and loyal friends, if we would find at every crisis and in every exigency, a body guard of devoted followers to stand staunchly at our side, and for our defense, our protection, and our aid.

Childish friendships are very sweet and spontaneous and though frequently ephemeral, because circumstances intervene for separation or as young people grow up they grow apart by reason of different training and opposite social environment, yet sometimes they are made for life. The girl who sat beside you at ten and looked over the same spelling-book, who at twelve shared your picnic luncheon, and at fifteen lengthened her frocks when you did, may at twenty and at twenty-five continue to be your dearest friend. In this case you will more thoroughly enjoy each other because you have a common fund of association and memories, you will divine one another's thoughts before they are spoken and understand one another's moods without the clumsiness of explanation. No intercourse is more ideal than that of two girls who have grown up together, whose friendship strikes deep roots into the soil of childhood. Yet, you who are leaving home to-day to spend the next four years in a distant college, may be starting out to meet the most uplifting, the most cheery, the most congenial friend of your whole experience. You said good-by to your precious mother with a kiss and a long clinging embrace, on the porch of a farm-house in Maine, with a glimpse of water through a vista

of pines. The other left her parents in a stately old Colonial house in Kentucky, a silver haired father, a mother growing old, who had a struggle with their own hearts before they let her go away. Her mother and yours went alone to a little chamber to pray for the girlie who was speeding as fast as steam could carry her to new scenes, new temptations, new difficulties and new joys. And each of you though you did not dream of it, was to find in the other, her counterpart, her companion, and bye and bye her choicest friend. You met at the station, or in the corridor, or in the chapel that first homesick evening, when the skies were gray, and the people were strangers, and the unshed tears kept burning behind the eyelids. And you didn't love each other then, for love is a plant of slow growth, but you began to find there was warmth and comfort and interest in life still, and before long you were chummy, and presently you were confidential. The knowledge that both came from homes fragrant with piety, and that you were each pledged to serve the Master, was in the initial stage, a strengthening and potential factor in the formation of the ties which bound you, not for girlhood only, but for all the coming days.

When a girl has an intimate friend, or when several girls form a group of congenial friends, there is no need nor occasion for constant chattering about trifles, nor for a great deal of talk. We may speak or be silent; our friend is satisfied.

Mere presence is enough to make us happy and contented.

A girl never permits herself to comment unfavorably upon one friend to another. If she have a complaint to make, she carries it in person to the

Winsome Womanhood

Her Innocent Pleasures

Four

"Life holdeth much of happiness,
A day is like a golden cup,
Which God Himself stooped down to bless
Before he filled it up."

A HUNDRED years ago the young girl found waiting for her a great variety of household tasks from which her successor in the dawn of the new century is free. Modern convenience has made a wonderful forward stride in this hundred years. Our houses in their heating and lighting from a single central plant, from a furnace or a meter, or by electricity or steam as may be, have been changed from places requiring an immense amount of hard work, to places of ease and luxury. Matches alone have simplified one difficult and strenuous branch of daily toil, and yet to some

and the beautiful nobility of youthful friendship, but never until then.

A girl's friends explain her even when she is a most unsolved conundrum. If she choose them fastidiously, if they are refined, cultivated, and lovely, she has herself the corresponding qualities. Those who are satisfied with loud-voiced, vulgar, and mean associates, condemn their own judgment, and label themselves as belonging to the lower caste. The accidents of external situation, of money, of dress, of expectations, of easy or hard fortune, have little or nothing to do with friendship which is founded on other things than these shifting and mutable conditions. It does not matter in the least whether the friend live in one room or in a great house, whether she is clothed sumptuously or plainly. Her raiment and her outside state are not parts of her. It does matter that she is gently bred, that she speaks in soft tones, uses good language, and moves with the air of a woman at home among the best. In our friends we desire persons of our station, persons whose ways and ideals are similar to ours, and persons who comprehend our ambitions, and sympathize in our endeavors.

Girls may have among their friends, especial comradeship of their brothers and their brothers' friends. For it is by no means to be taken for granted that the bond of kindred always implies the bond of friendship. Sisters are often but not invariably the closest friends.

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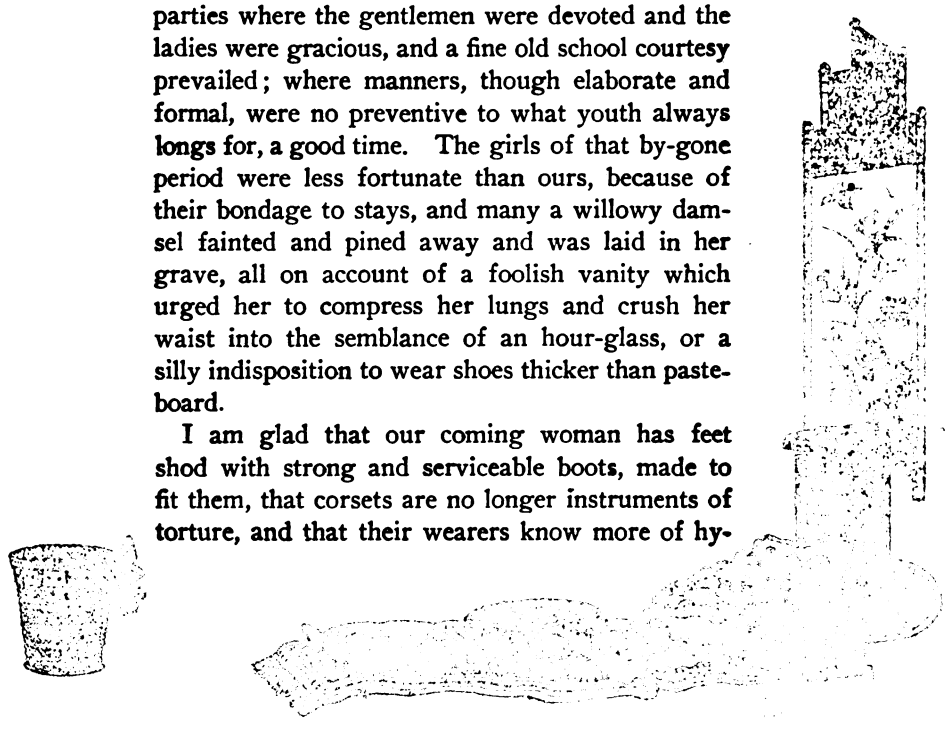
fields and the wool of the flocks were spun and woven by the women of the family on their domestic looms, when every culinary process involved threefold the time and care at present demanded, when journeys were by stage coach or sloop instead of by railway and swift steamers, when all the conserves and jams and jellies were necessarily prepared in the home kitchen by the matron and her daughters and maids, young women had more to do with the housework than they can possibly have now. Yet it would be a mistake to fancy that our great-grandmothers and their daughters had no outdoor or indoor pleasures. They were social, and they had brilliant fetes and parties where the gentlemen were devoted and the ladies were gracious, and a fine old school courtesy prevailed; where manners, though elaborate and formal, were no preventive to what youth always longs for, a good time. The girls of that by-gone period were less fortunate than ours, because of their bondage to stays, and many a willowy damsel fainted and pined away and was laid in her grave, all on account of a foolish vanity which urged her to compress her lungs and crush her waist into the semblance of an hour-glass, or a silly indisposition to wear shoes thicker than pasteboard.

I am glad that our coming woman has feet shod with strong and serviceable boots, made to fit them, that corsets are no longer instruments of torture, and that their wearers know more of hy-



giene than their stately grandmothers did. No girl who reads this page has ever gone to a party with nine stiff petticoats tied around her waist, but many a girl's mother and grandmother in her day went to church in four or five skirts, ruffled like the petals of a rose, and rattling with resplendent starch.

A girl of the past might ride on horseback, seated on her own pony, or on a pillion behind her father or her brother. She might take long walks, and sometimes she did, and she could drive, row a boat, and work in her garden. There were fewer pastimes open to her than to our girls who may play basket ball and tennis, whose prowess in golf cannot be disputed and who may freely engage in most of the sports in which young men excel. Our girls are taller than their predecessors, and quite often overtop their mothers by an inch or two; they have a broader chest measurement, their hands and feet though well proportioned are larger than was once fashionable. We have learned that life means service, and service must have its fit equipment in a clear brain, pure blood, steady nerves, and a habit of being well. Our girls among their innocent pleasures count much outdoor exercise and freedom: their days are not wasted over useless sewing, nor dawdled away in purposeless chat, nor the perusal of merely amusing literature.

Every girl should so far as she can, secure and set aside a part of the day for the development

of her body. When dressing and undressing she should devote a few minutes to breathing, so that her lungs may be filled with fresh air, taking this exercise before an open window. Perfect health is within the reach of most of us, if we will but intelligently strive for it. At certain seasons, nature enjoins rest as a duty, and no sensible young woman opposes this dictate of the wise old mother, but on the contrary yields to the necessity with composure and an acquiescence in which there is no protest.

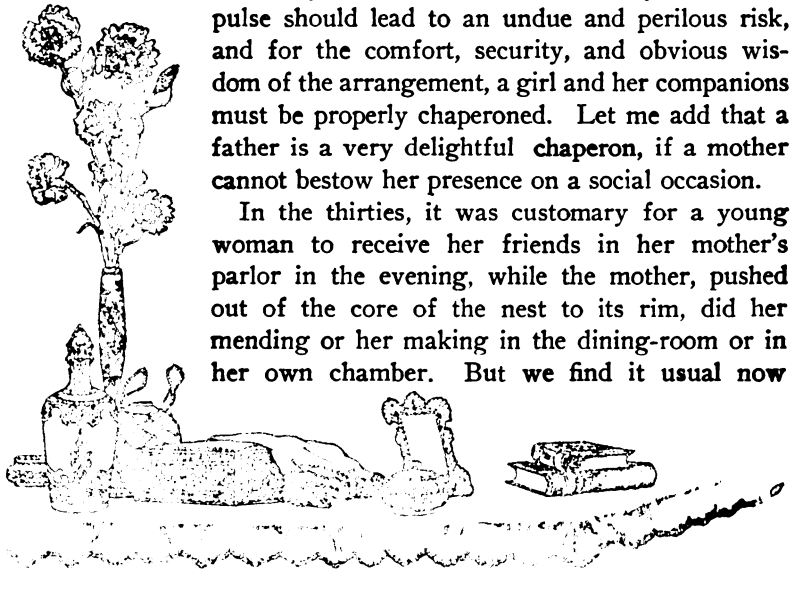
Among the pleasures of our period are you willing to include, that lost art which is now being revived, the graceful accomplishment of plain sewing, by hand, and not by machine? To a girl who likes her needle there may be hours of great enjoyment as she makes up her own underclothing in a style of daintiness not to be paid for with money, sitting cozily with her mother and sister in long sunny mornings, while the flow of home talk goes smoothly on. Such a girl will not fail to have her class in the industrial school, where she may teach small clumsy fingers to become deft, nor in the Mother's Helping Hand, where the task with the grown up learners will be harder.

A knack with pencil and brush, and skill with the camera are among the pleasures which are worth cultivation.

A visit, a jaunt, a trip abroad, or an excursion at home, will be made doubly interesting and attractive if souvenirs of its peculiar features are

brought back in an amateur's portfolio. One need not aim at effects which only the finished artist can compass, when sketching for one's own satisfaction, or the help of memory, the scenes and situations which make a journey fascinating. One will do one's best, and the result will be remunerative and pleasing to the home friends, who are usually the kindest of critics.

For many reasons, evidently founded on common sense, parties of young girls do not travel without the protection of an older woman. A mother or teacher, or a spinster who is familiar with the world, is a necessary addition and far from an unwelcome one, wherever young people set out for recreation, on land or water. The young woman prefers to be under this gentle covering wing, demanded by the proprieties, but suggested by something deeper than a convention of society. In case of accident, or if youthful impulse should lead to an undue and perilous risk, and for the comfort, security, and obvious wisdom of the arrangement, a girl and her companions must be properly chaperoned. Let me add that a father is a very delightful chaperon, if a mother cannot bestow her presence on a social occasion.



In the thirties, it was customary for a young woman to receive her friends in her mother's parlor in the evening, while the mother, pushed out of the core of the nest to its rim, did her mending or her making in the dining-room or in her own chamber. But we find it usual now

and certainly it is more appropriate for the family to stay together when callers happen in, and the presence of the seniors does not act as a handicap on the spirits of the juniors. Young people have learned that the family and their friends are no bar to an agreeable evening.

A girl should cultivate a gift of simple cookery, so that a little supper, deftly prepared over a chafing-dish may not be beyond her skill. Candy making, too, is by no means a difficult art, and a great deal of fun may go on over fudge and taffy.

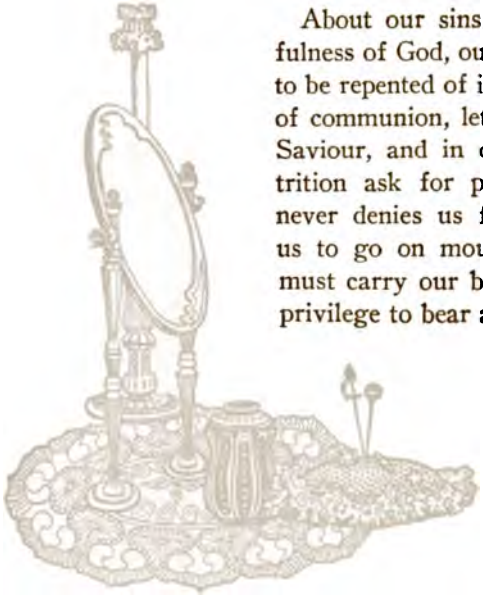
Every girl must know how to make a cup of tea, which is by no means occult, since the scalding of the pot, the fresh boiling of the water, and the infusion of the tea for two minutes and no more, are all simple and easy to be remembered; on their observance success depends.

God means us to be happy. He has spread beauty broadcast over the earth, and made this lovely world sweet with music and radiant with stars by night and sunshine by day. If we are depressed and gloomy there is something wrong.

Now and then a girl is morbidly sensitive, or morbidly conscientious. She distresses herself over fancied slights, or broods grievingly over her errors and faults. This is not the best way, nor is there in it the least element of the praiseworthy. Our self love, our personal vanity, is wounded and we imagine injustices and criticisms which were never meant. We loom too largely in our

own thoughts: we may as well own that we are more interesting to ourselves than we should be. Blessed is the girl whose mind is not occupied with the impression she is making, who exacts little, and is grateful for every attention, while asking no favors, except those which are every-day matters between refined people in daily intercourse. A most unhappy disposition is that which indulges in fits of the blues, and refuses to recognize any brightness, unless self is in the middle of it. The difficulty with the morbid girl is often partly physical, and her spirits would rise if her liver were corrected and her bodily functions maintained at their proper equilibrium. Whatever the cause of it, morbidness is a thing of shame, and depression in a young girl is an anachronism which is deplorable, and as much a matter of regret as a blemish on her skin, or a maimed hand or foot.

About our sins, our shortcomings, our forgetfulness of God, our neglect of plain duty, they are to be repented of in the closet. In the secret hour of communion, let us tell them in the ear of our Saviour, and in deep humility and earnest contrition ask for pardon. The merciful Saviour never denies us forgiveness, nor does He wish us to go on mourning over sin forgiven. We must carry our burdens to the cross, but it is a privilege to bear a song away.



"The little sharp vexations
And the briers that catch and fret,
Let us take them all to the Helper,
Who has never failed us yet."

Every one of us owes it to her period, to her generation to magnify her own office of light-bringer. Do you remember Robert Browning's poem, where Pippa passes, a little hard working peasant, who has only one holiday in the long year, and as she goes singing by, sin withers at the sound of her voice, and sorrow is soothed, and love grows strong and pure. Pippa passes, a little thankful maiden, and life is richer for her unconscious benediction. Ah, dear girls be happy, be sweet, be good.

"God's in His Heaven
All's right with the world."

Five *Her Books and Correspondence*

"We get no good, by being ungenerous even to a book."

N intimate and wide acquaintance with books is the work of a life time. No young woman under twenty has had time to read very much, though it is a great advantage to her to have read a little with profit and to have made a good beginning. Schools and colleges act as guide-posts along the road to the treasure houses of literature, and an indispensable part of education during the formative years, is the learning what to read and what to pass by. To certain great masters of English, the young girl is introduced during her school days, so that she is familiar with the names of the most distinguished historians, dramatists and poets of her own tongue, and has, under direction, acquired some knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth and Cowper, of Browning, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. Froude, Green, Motley, Prescott,

REVERIE.

Eyes downward dropped, and yet the look
Goes further than the printed book.
Such fairy dreams as girlhood weaves
Between the turning of the leaves,
Such happy thoughts as light the page,
In girlhood's lovely golden age!

Macaulay, Hume, and Fiske had furnished her with information about English, Dutch, Spanish and American history, and she has some idea of Carlyle, of Ruskin, of Pater, of Thoreau; she has been shown the best, and has some discernment as to why it is the best. Frankly, if she confess her preference, unless she is a student born and bred, she will tell you that for pleasure she chooses a good novel. Here there is wide room for selection. No one is obliged to waste an hour to-day over a worthless or a wicked book; the catalogue of good and helpful books is so long that it might furnish occupation for the ordinary reader for the next dozen years, even if no fresh volumes were issued by the press. The well read girl has touched hands with Miss Burney, in her sprightly Evelina, quaint and out of fashion now, but sufficiently vivacious and original to have enchanted the foremost men of letters on its first appearance, such men as Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and Horace Walpole. She has read Jane Austen, and is surprised to discover that her heroines, except for a change of costume, fit very easily into nineteenth century grooves. The wonderful Bronté sisters, writing their fiery romances in the subdued atmosphere of the Yorkshire moors, have revealed to her what genius can do, unaided by fortunate accessories, and have led her to the study of their lives, always an interesting experience when one has learned something of an author through her works or his.

Villette, Shirley, Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights are all illuminated when one reads Mrs. Gaskell, or Clement Shorter, or Marian Harland, and sees what manner of education, what style of friendship, and what home bringing up, the gifted daughters of Patrick Bronté had.

The ordinary young woman does not now feel obliged to read Sir Walter Scott, yet lacking familiarity with his work, she cannot claim to be educated in English literature. Even though what was once a fascination may assume the guise of a task, she must read the Waverly novels, and submit herself to the spell of Scott's lyrical muse; read Marmion, Lord of the Isles, and Lady of the Lake. If, in childhood, so many were not spoiled by reading stories and juvenile tales which simply amuse us without requiring mental effort, there would be more girls to enjoy books to which the compliment of attention must be paid. A multiplicity of childish books is a misfortune to children, though fairy stories are good diet for young and old, because they cultivate the imagination, a royal gift of God, which we cannot too highly value.

The young girl must not overlook Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot and William Black, though she need not read every one of their works. A Tale of Two Cities, Little Dorrit, David Copperfield, and Bleak House, will give her the freedom of the Dickens land; The Virginians, Henry

Esmond, Vanity Fair and the Newcomes are the masterpieces of that marvelous writer and magnificent man, William M. Thackeray, and she may read them more than once. Adam Bede, Middlemarch, and Daniel Deronda, she may choose from the shelf where George Eliot's works stand, a goodly and imposing array. The Princess of Thule, Macleod of Dare, and a Daughter of Heth, are the most charmingly picturesque of that eminent word painter William Black. My girl friend will not omit Margaret Oliphant from the list of her beloved authors. No woman has ever described so perfectly the ideal girlhood, in Scottish manse, in English castle, in the homes of the lofty and of the lowly alike. From Margaret Maitland down to her latest book, through many years Mrs. Oliphant's pen never drew a single uninteresting woman. Kirsteen, Madam, Lady Car, A House Divided Against Itself and Phebe Jr. are among this prolific author's finest productions.

Though you think me archaic I shall advise you to read Miss Muloch's John Halifax Gentleman. Among the current writers of fiction, seek wise advice before you devote precious time to their study, though you will not go far wrong as a rule in reading any book which enlists the absorbed attention of both old and young people. If your mother has read a book and approved of it, it is surely a safe book for you, and so precious a possession is the innocence of a daughter, that her mother should never fail to

guard it from the evil and unhappy influence of a bad book. A book has as immediate an effect and as far-reaching an influence upon the receptive mind, as a bad companion; sometimes it makes a more indelible impression than any other bad companion can.

On a girl's own book-shelf in her own room, what shall we find? Probably the books she loves best. First and most important her Bible, in a single volume, or in several little volumes easy to be held. I hope we shall see a worn Bible, one which bears evidences of being often read. Then her favorite daily books of devotion, some sweet and lovely flower for every day culled from a great garden wherein grow herbs of many flavors, and trees of the Lord's own planting. She will have a school book or two, a text book of Botany or Geology, a story that she has loved, a memoir that she has found helpful. If there are two or three missionary biographies, or a few books of travel and adventure, I shall read between the lines, that she appreciates valor and heroism, and cares for something beyond her doorsill. Her books will indicate her tastes and her character. They will show where she browses for her daily food, they will describe her life as unerringly as the camera depicts her countenance.

My lady's correspondence, follows her books in very natural sequence. Letters constitute no little part of a woman's work at home. If the girl

has not her desk with its little drawers and pigeon holes, its note paper, pens and ink, her room is unfurnished. At least she may have a portfolio with lock and key, where she may keep her letters, and her diary. For every reason, by the way, she should keep the latter, with its brief record of each day's doings, of the friends she meets, the engagements she has on hand, and the expenses she incurs. Letters to one's family are of course very full and confidential, and relate in detail incidents and events in which all the home people may be interested. These should be punctually sent at due intervals. When away at school, or on a visit, or in business, the dear ones by the fireside long for tidings, and every scrap has its value. It goes to my heart to see the disappointed faces of father and mother when day follows day and Jenny does not write. They conjure up every possible reason for her failure except the right one, which is that she is thoughtless and preoccupied, and her time slips by before she is aware that it is gone.

Love letters, the most sacred that a girl ever writes, should not be sentimental. A little reserve, a touch of formality are not amiss in these. One should never to any one write in a silly babyish style, or say a word of which she might in the future be ashamed.

Business letters are to be straightforward and to the point, stating clearly what is desired in the fewest possible sentences. A postal card is an appropriate business medium, because it leaves no

space for diffuse verbiage. Every letter must have the writer's post office address written out in full, and must be dated and signed with the writer's name in a legible script. Persons otherwise careful often fail when they reach the signature. This should be exceedingly plain and clear, and every elegant woman will take pains with her hand writing not suffering it to be an indefinite scrawl, but sending it forth clear and finished.

A well furnished mind is like a beautifully appointed home: it has room for many things, and must be kept with constant vigilance. Moth and rust mar and ruin the house in which no one lives. Simple neglect is more destructive than continual use. We often meet women who have ceased to grow because they have ceased to study, have ceased to be receptive and responsive. By forming the habit of reading and arranging for an hour with a good book in the day's work, every woman, younger or older, will increase her mental wealth, and her facility to learn. A girl's greatest charm is not in a graceful figure, nor a beautiful face; it is in her power to interest those whom she meets. To be an interesting woman one must have a bright and wide-awake mind, and must so use her talents that they will increase. It is eternally true that to him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath.

"I had a beautiful garment
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close, with lavender leaves,
In a napkin fine and fair:
'It is far too costly a robe,' I said:
'For one like me to wear.'

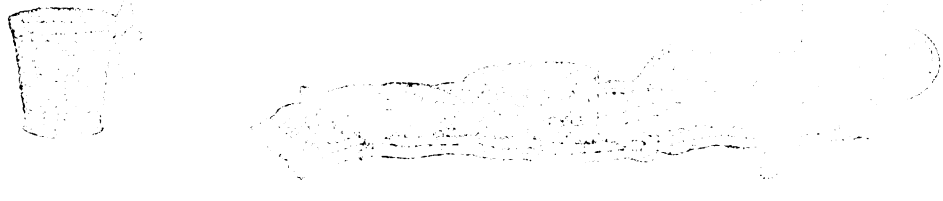
So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had flown.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe
Though its splendors none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing beside to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

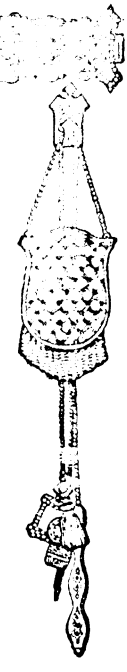
At last on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up



To the searching light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing,
The beauty that use reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals."



Girls, may I remind you to read your Bibles? Not merely a few hurried texts in the early morning, and a few verses at night when you are half asleep, but, with a listening ear, and with a reverent eye, realizing that you are in God's presence and that He is speaking to you, read the Divine word. Do not omit the old Testament, nor forget the new: the one is the following out of the other, and the two are inter-dependent. Do not read to criticize: come to the Book, as they who are thirsty come to a well, as they who are weary, to a pillow, as they who are afraid to a refuge. Learn the Bible by heart, whole chapters of it, and be assured the day will come, when the precious bits of truth, will be to you as the fine gold and the fadeless gem. Choose where you will: the whole Bible is God's inspired message to humanity and you cannot read a single book without profit. Whatever other literature be noble this is nobler; whatever else be full of sweetness and light, this Book of God surpasses it. It is as a lamp on a dark night, as a brook in the

desert, as a flower in the fallow field, as a star in the sky.

With other books, you may safely trust yourself to take up the reading at odd moments, or when their spell is upon you, or when you have an hour's leisure to fill. But the Bible should not be left to the chances of inclination; it should be read seriously and at stated seasons. The morning watch makes safe and sure the day. Before the business of the day intrudes, while you are still rested after sleep, sit down for a little while to listen to God's message to you. Read the Book, before you pray, and pray with its counsels fresh in your mind. Make the daily closet service a habit, not to be lightly broken, and do not leave your room until you have read your chapter, or your few texts, if you have time for no more. Take a text with you each morning as your motto for the whole day. The Book is meant to give us our marching orders.

The Girl in Business

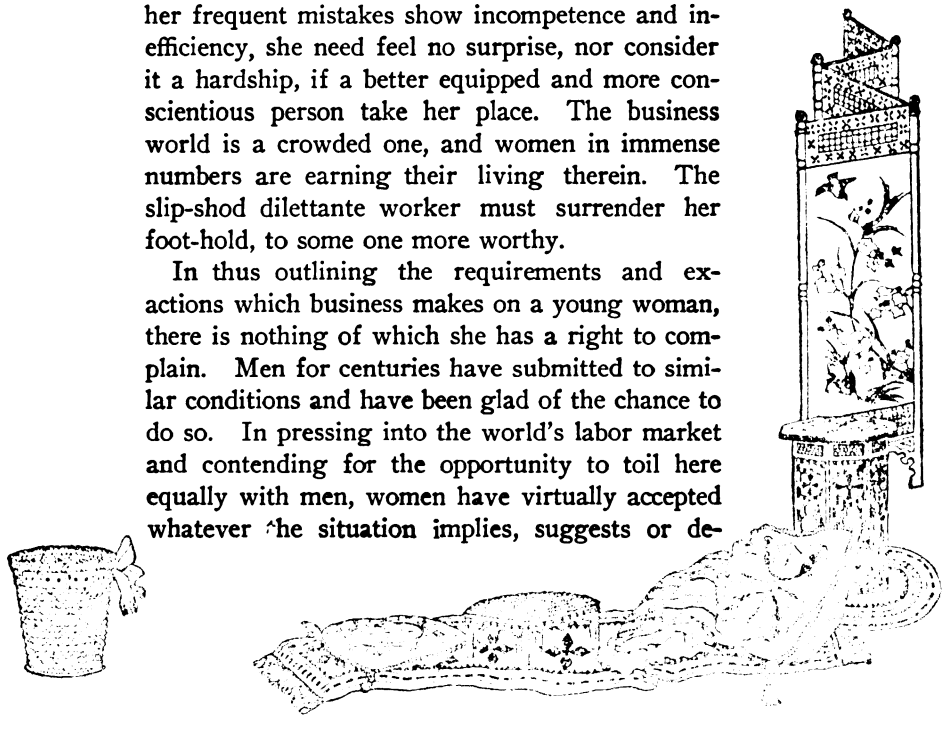
Six

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do the Master's will."

ONE of the first things to be noted in business life is its imperialism. Business is exacting, engrossing, and inelastic. The young woman who accepts a business position, let it be in factory, shop, library or private house, pledges herself, if she would be successful, to accuracy, fidelity and diligence, to the punctual performance of every duty, and to an unstinted devotion to the interests of her employer. She voluntarily resigns much of her independence. She must, during certain designated hours become to an appreciable extent a cog in a great machine, a unit in a vast army, an obscure yet not unimportant factor in the mighty world of commerce. If the morning find her drowsy and longing for more sleep, she may not indulge

herself a moment beyond her usual hour for rising, since at an appointed time she must be at her desk, or behind her counter, or at her loom. If a charming outing is arranged and friends invite her to be one of their number she must put the temptation aside; her play days must be occasional and regulated by the coming of holidays. Even if she is not quite well, she cannot for a trifling discomfort, or a slight headache or other malady, remain away from her work. The work owns her, and demands of her the very best effort she can bestow upon it. If she be uneven in her work, if she be inconsequent, tardy, half-hearted and uninterested, if she lack thoroughness, and her frequent mistakes show incompetence and inefficiency, she need feel no surprise, nor consider it a hardship, if a better equipped and more conscientious person take her place. The business world is a crowded one, and women in immense numbers are earning their living therein. The slip-shod dilettante worker must surrender her foot-hold, to some one more worthy.

In thus outlining the requirements and exactions which business makes on a young woman, there is nothing of which she has a right to complain. Men for centuries have submitted to similar conditions and have been glad of the chance to do so. In pressing into the world's labor market and contending for the opportunity to toil here equally with men, women have virtually accepted whatever the situation implies, suggests or de-



mands. One continually hears the grievance often bitterly and vehemently insisted upon, that women are under-paid, that women willingly or unwillingly work for lower wages than men, and that men are being forced to the wall, and to idleness and poverty, because of the over supply of women who with feminine quickness turn their hands to anything. The grievance has a double edge. On the one side it wounds women, on the other it smites men.

Surely when and where a woman works as faithfully, as regularly, and as satisfactorily as a man, and for an equal number of hours, day in and day out, she should receive the same wage that he does. Employers, however, not seldom claim that women while marvellously quick and clever, are less to be depended upon than men, and that the quality of a man's work is as a rule finer and higher than that of a woman. Also, they observe that women lose more days in a given number of days, and have less hesitation in absenting themselves from their posts of service than have men. Until these assertions are proven to be misstatements, women cannot expect to be paid as liberally as their fathers and brothers. Men, too, should remember that in former times their own burdens were much heavier than now, when often a man could not marry because he had sisters to support, and in none but exceptional circumstances did the wife or the daughters of a man moderately well-to-do, ever become breadwinners.

Men still have the monopoly of employments demanding pre-eminent vigor and rigorous drill. They are soldiers, and sailors. They are judges, and statesmen, and Presidents. They run railroads and till the land. The truth is that as civilization opens new industries to women, there is so much to be done, that there is room for all, without conflict, without friction, and the question of the best places and the best payment must always finally resolve itself into one of fitness, of excellence, and of honesty.

Many young women belittle their employment by going to it in the spirit of martyrs who pity themselves, or by bringing to it merely the mercenary motive. Self-pity is the badge of weakness, and work done for money alone, is never noble work. The amount earned may indeed measure the worker's talent and it is a legitimate object to toil well and worthily for honorable hire, but one must not be sordid; one must dignify the work for its own sake; one must care for the enterprise, and the business house, and the work she is doing; one must do every day the very best she can, not because pay day will reward her, but because she is a child of God, and it is a part of her bounden duty to serve the present age.

The young woman who is a stenographer must be painstaking and accurate. Her spelling, her punctuation, her type-writing must be clean and free from blunders. Her ear, her eye, her hand, her thought must combine to serve her

employer. She must make herself not only valuable, but absolutely indispensable in the house where she sits at her little clicking machine. She may never rise very high, but where she is, she must be as perfect a thing as the rose on the stem, as steady as a star in the sky. If telegraphy is her work, she must be prompt, intelligent and trustworthy. If she be a saleswoman she must be tactful, courteous, interested, and able to sell goods. If she undertake domestic work—I wish more young women would do so—she must enter a house to be its comfort and help in a real and earnest relation to the family. As a private secretary, or a mother's assistant, as a cashier, or a book-keeper, or a proof-reader, as a hairdresser or a manicure, in any place where she works for a weekly salary, or where she works by the piece, she must know how to do what she undertakes and to do it invariably well. The business woman must take pride in the fact that she belongs to a host of most honorable women and wherever she stands, around her there must be a serene atmosphere of contentment, and about her the cheerful aspect of the happy and useful being who knows herself of consequence in her place.

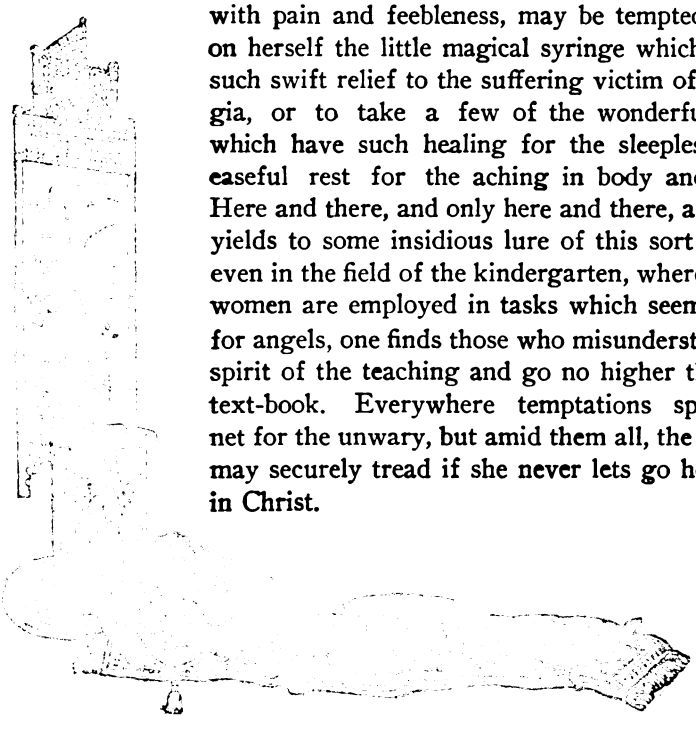
A pre-requisite to success in business life is a uniformly high rate of health, and the young woman who best cares for her physical well-being will in the end surpass her who is pallid, flat-chested, and easily tired. To breathe

deeply, to exercise regularly, to sleep soundly, and to eat nutritious food, avoiding sweets and eschewing pickles and condiments, are among the business woman's cardinal necessities. Her dress must be neat and simple; the shirt waist has been a boon to her, because it may be dainty, unobtrusive and inexpensive, and in it she looks like the lady she is. A short skirt, clearing the ground, well-fitting boots, a trim hat, small and conservative, not loaded with ornament, and never bedizened with vegetables, fruit, or slain birds, should be selected by the business girl. Tidy and comely she may properly be, never noticeably dressed, nor over loaded with frills and furbelows, nor decked with much gayety of color. Jewelry should not have a place in the toilette of a business woman.

I am sometimes asked whether our young girls in business are not subjected to a variety of temptations and whether they are not peculiarly unprotected. My answer is that a young girl who is pre-occupied with her work, is so impersonal in its exercise that she repels those who would offer insult, while the large majority of men with whom she associates do not think of her in her feminine character at all, they take her on her merits as a fellow worker. The young girl who flirts with men, her associates in business, or her contemporaries whom she meets on her way to and from her daily task, who looks conscious,

jests openly, makes herself a sort of good fellow, or apes mannish attire and masculine manners, invites the unprincipled to forget her womanhood. She need not do these things, and as a rule, she does not do them. She is a girl working for her own living; she is a daughter or a sister, helping the dear ones at home; she has better things on hand than the silly gratification of being admired and complimented by men who are either brainless or heartless.

In certain occupations, there are temptations peculiar to themselves. Thus the trained nurse, weary with her long hours and her care of a querulous patient, worn out with the stubborn battle with pain and feebleness, may be tempted to try on herself the little magical syringe which brings such swift relief to the suffering victim of neuralgia, or to take a few of the wonderful drops which have such healing for the sleepless, such easeful rest for the aching in body and mind. Here and there, and only here and there, a woman yields to some insidious lure of this sort so that even in the field of the kindergarten, where young women are employed in tasks which seem fitting for angels, one finds those who misunderstand the spirit of the teaching and go no higher than the text-book. Everywhere temptations spread a net for the unwary, but amid them all, the woman may securely tread if she never lets go her faith in Christ.



Let her song be:

"I know not the way I am going
But well do I know my guide
With a childlike trust I take the hand
Of the mighty Friend at my side."

The whole of a business woman's life is not spent in business. When she closes her typewriter or leaves her desk, when her day's work is finished, there are some hours of daylight left, or else some evening hours, which are her own. These are golden opportunities if they are rightly prized. With their coming, the girl who has been absorbed in task work, should slip out of harness and enjoy leisure if she can, and if she have other cares to press on her mind and heart, she should conscientiously enter upon change of occupation. Leaving her work, she should wholly drop the thought of it, dismiss it and whatever appertains to it, just as one shuts a door and locks it and goes away. Having done her very best all day, let her consider that page ended. To-morrow will turn a new leaf and make for her a fresh beginning. Above all things, let her not worry over any possible short-coming, or dread any possible happening of another day. Her time is now her own, for her home life, for social pleasure, and for perhaps a little study, as well as for needful rest.

Many young business women belong to the Young Women's Christian Association and I wish

with all my heart, that the friendly and affectionate companionship which that sisterhood of honorable and loving women affords, might be shared by every girl who has her own way to make. Wherever there is an Association with its resident Secretary, whether in large city or small town, there is a pleasant center, a rallying place for working women. Reading-rooms, where books and periodicals are provided, rest rooms with cozy corners and easy chairs, parlors where small groups and larger ones may enjoy music and conversation, classes in various useful branches of manual and intellectual training are provided by the Association, and young women, who are remote from their homes and their own people, may here meet those who will give them motherly counsel and personal guidance. Especially is this worth a great deal to girls in a strange place, living in boarding houses and seldom able to be with their families and with friends who have always known them. The Secretary is a sweet Christian woman, young as they are, frequently college-trained, full of sympathy, discreet, tender, tactful, and consecrated. Evenings which hang heavily upon the hands of a business woman away from her home pass swiftly and delightfully in the Association Rooms, and many an ambitious girl, anxious to excel and to become fitted for a more remunerative position than her present one, is, by means of the instruction given by competent teachers, able to secure better work. A higher

advantage than this accrues to those who attend the Bible classes and devotional meetings, and studying the way of life, are led to know and serve the Master.

Settlements which are the beacon-lights on some of our dark coasts in city life, afford opportunities similar to those of the Association to working girls, and under their auspices, very useful and interesting clubs are organized, the members of which form the most agreeable companies of congenial comrades. Here too, in warm well-lighted rooms, and in the sisterly care of consecrated women, girls find the stimulus their social natures crave. The best thing about all this work of woman for woman is that there is in it neither condescension nor servility, it emphasizes no class distinctions nor so much as recognizes the existence of caste. The banker's daughter comes from her home of luxury to spend an evening with the laborer's child; the rich girl clasps hands with the poor girl on equal terms. In the reciprocity of their mingling, each helps the other, and there is no thought of giving or taking, for all are blessedly one in a service of love.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine
Who sweeps a room as for God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

"Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might. Whether therefore ye eat or drink or

whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord."

Business and professional life are closely allied, and are in a sense interdependent, since the latter includes something of the former, and the two complement each other. You who are coming to the front in the twentieth century, find a broad highway in which to walk, roads levelled and smooth, doors open, avenues to influential and congenial employment everywhere inviting, and a choice of professions awaiting the educated woman. Time was within the memory of women still in active life that the paths were unbroken and the pioneers had to cut their way through a forest of prejudices and a thick hedge of stubborn obstacles. Women study and practice medicine as a matter of course. The woman doctor consults with her contemporaries of the male sex. In treating diseases of women and children she is especially successful, and she has proved her ability to perform operations requiring the steady eye and hand, and the strong nerve which are the surgeon's equipment. In the field of foreign missions, the woman doctor is a conspicuous and beautiful figure, winning her way with her gift of healing to the suffering womanhood of the East. As missionary physician the consecrated woman steps into a place of angelic ministry, and we chronicle gladly the fact, that the medical standard to which the missionary must attain is a

high and exacting one. We do not send poor or second rate doctors to the heathen, in the effort to secure for them lovable and devoted gospel workers; we combine the skilled physician with the consecrated worker for Christ.

Women have penetrated into the law courts; in some instances and in certain denominations they have been most useful in the Christian ministry, notably in home missionary fields; they are journalists, and here show remarkable capacity and adaptability; they are architects, artists, with the brush, with the sculptor's modelling tools, and in the divine realm of music; they have always been teachers. To professional life the twentieth century woman brings a great endowment of inherited aptitude and acquired facility. Her preparation is far more thorough and her anticipatory study more strenuous and severe than at any past period, and it is not too much to expect from her results surpassing anything the past can show. Women are easily among our leading novelists, and in one department, that of romantic fiction based upon veritable history, they have carried off laurels without number. Perhaps we must admit that women are less creative than men. They require something ready to their hand on which to build, but a foundation once given, how fair a structure rises at their touch.

The college student in a vast majority of cases looks forward as her brother does, to a professional career This is not that she discounts the

claims of home life, nor that she is necessarily averse to or impatient with domesticity. Very often her parents have made many sacrifices beside that of sparing her from the household for her college course, four very swiftly moving years to her, but slowly passing years to them, in order that she may not only be self-supporting, but that in turn she may aid in the education of younger sisters and brothers. I find that a large contingent of my girl friends at college are turning their eyes toward journalism with a feeling that it offers speedier rewards, and requires less special training than other professions. Most young women journalists however must be prepared to serve a difficult apprenticeship before they arrive at a place where the work, always hard, becomes well-paid, and where they shall find room to move with freedom. Nine girls out of ten say they do not wish to begin as reporters; that they prefer book reviewing or the writing of editorial articles. But college essay work in the line of literary criticism, or on concrete themes is not a sufficient outfit for her who would bring her talents to a newspaper or magazine. No girl of twenty or twenty-five would suppose herself fitted to take the chair of English Literature in her college, without a long course of post-graduate work; and equally her knowledge of life, her experience in affairs, her observation of men and manners, are too restricted to make her editorial opinions of any particular value. She must, in most cases, entering an avo-

cation which is thronged to excess, be contented to begin low down, to take the assignments given her by managing and city editors, and to write at space rates. The sooner she can show her ability to condense, her quickness in seeing the interesting thing, and her charm of graphic description the sooner she will find that she is in the line of advancement. Indomitable resolution, an unruffled temper, entire absence of vanity, and firm health are pre-requisites to this girl's success. And if she aspire to editorship she must be aware that it will be necessary for her to learn to be vicarious, and that a command of wide and various literature must be hers. She will need refinement, taste, and conscience. She must also, but this is everywhere the imperative demand, be willing to work hard and long, and to do whatever her hands find to do with her might and I hope that she will not forget that a gracious bearing and a sweet and fine courtesy are the special adornments of her who occupies the editorial chair. Very large salaries have been paid to women who in journalism have reached the top. But this is true of all grades of professional work; the large rewards are for those who show that they deserve them, are the price of strenuous effort and never can be attained through favor alone. Here as in the business world, it is character that tells in the long run.

I want to say a word of women as employers; hitherto I have been talking of them as employed.

There is an increasing number of women who are putting capital into business, and themselves managing their income and outgo. In the realm of housekeeping women are by thousands employing others, often it is true, in very small numbers, as one, two or three domestic helpers complete the home staff. In this relation, the true woman strives to be just and honorable. She pays, if she be wise, a fair remuneration for the services she engages, and pays it promptly at the expiration of week or month. She does what she contracts to do, and she informs herself about every part of the work in question that she may not make unjust demands of her employees. And in one particular, she exercises a nice discretion. She does not weakly and with a complaisance which reacts to the disadvantage of others, give recommendations of excellent character to the undeserving.

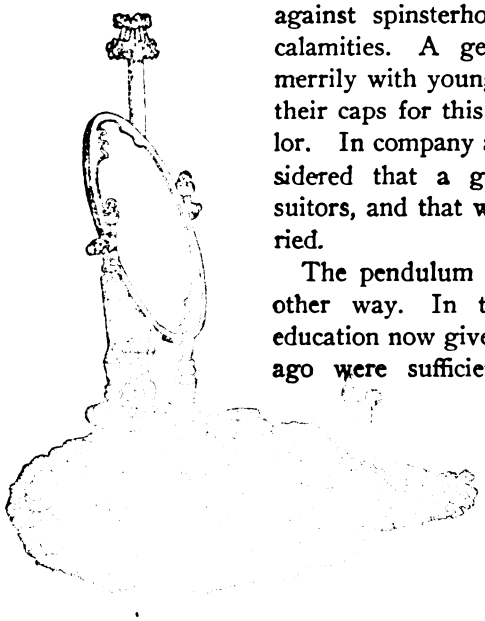
In business and professional life, can a woman show whether she is a Christian? Decidedly yes, but not by constant speech and preaching for which there may be scant opportunity in many cases. By her own elevation of character, by irreproachable conduct, by the loveliness which is the badge of discipleship, and by the brave protest, or the look of silent reproach, when there is occasion, she who has taken on her the name of Christ will show her loyalty. Our life with Christ is not a thing apart, it belongs to our very breathing.

Seven When her Prince Comes

"No trumpet sounds before him,
No silver bugles blow,
But skies are radiant o'er him,
And stars to light him glow."

O the girls read Jane Austen to day? One day last summer in a country house I saw a carriage of Jane Austen's period, with steps which folded up, and let down, with an immense hood and leathern pockets, and a rumble behind, a very dignified and spacious coach, more cumbrous than our gay little runabouts, more ponderous than our automobiles. This greatly prized relic of colonial days was as significant of an era in contrast with ours, as are Miss Austen's novels, compared with the stories of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett. The earlier fiction represents the heroine as a person expecting to be wooed, and the heroine's mother as a person anxious until her daughter's suitor is announced. Match-making is not only conceded as a usual thing, it is the acknowledged duty of every family

to forward by every worthy means the settlement of its daughters in life. The whole affair is open and above board and the sentiment of the community is wholly with the mother, while every unmarried man has an agreeable sensation of being in the market, of an appreciable value, and is not a little set up in his own opinion in consequence. Older or younger the bachelor knows himself weighed in the balance by the judicious and managing mother. The point of view differs also about the young woman. At sixteen, a girl is eligible and her lovers begin to worship her. At twenty-five if she is still unwedded, she is regarded as *passée,* pitied as the ungathered rose, that must wither on its stem, and somewhat contemptuously commiserated at being left on her father's hands. Old maid is a title to be dreaded. The single woman is held in less honor than the married, and each girl growing up, is warned against spinsterhood as the most deplorable of calamities. A gentleman of middle age jests merrily with young girls, and advises them to set their caps for this and the other attractive bachelor. In company and at home, it is solemnly considered that a girl is enviable only as she has suitors, and that woman's chief end is to be married.



The pendulum has swung a little too far the other way. In the more extended and liberal education now given to girls, who a hundred years ago were sufficiently prepared for life in their

parents' view if they could read and write, and in the fact that girls can easily support themselves if need be, by their own endeavors, marriage has dropped into the background. A girl need not marry for a support or for a home. She may support herself and make her own home. A girl no longer dreads old maidhood. The term and what it stands for are obsolete. No opprobrium attaches to the single woman. A young lady marries because she has found some one who fills her ideals, some one of congenial disposition, similar social condition, and agreeable qualities; some one she loves, some one who loves her. By subtle signs, invisible to those who do not read love's calendar aright, she is aware when the Prince comes, and if she give him her hand, her heart goes with the boon.

At least this is as it should be. No mercenary aim, no thought of convenience, no sordid motive should ever mix with true love. "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned." Unless a girl is sure that she is wooed for herself alone, unless she is sure that she wholly respects as well as confides in the man who seeks her, he is not her prince nor entitled to the complete surrender which a woman makes when she bestows herself for life on the man who becomes her husband.

In the older novels, a great deal is said about the beauty of the heroines; their carriage of head, their walk, their complexion and hair are described with wonderfully minute detail, nor is their dress

a matter of indifference. We read between the lines, that a girl's dark eyes, a girl's fair skin, her roses or her dimples may win her a lover, or her lack of beauty may cause her to lose him. Far higher than beauty does the modern writer, who draws the modern girl, place that elusive indefinable attribute of woman, which we call charm, something a plain girl may possess and a great beauty miss. The Prince may bow the knee, and probably will, much sooner to a bright, witty, accomplished and delightful girl who has charm, than to a very lovely one, who depends only on her looks, or her wardrobe. The indifference of either girl piques the man to whom she seems as a star just beyond his reach.

It must be frankly confessed that the Prince would oftener find his mate, if our modern ways had not grown so complex. Many men hesitate to ask girls to share their day of small things, they feel that they are working on small salaries, that they cannot afford to offer a wife very much ease and luxury, and so they suffer the golden moments of youth to pass, and live beyond its enthusiasms, before they have time for home and its quiet contentment. If a woman love a man it is very little she cares for state and splendor. She is satisfied to share his honest poverty, satisfied to make the best of what he earns, and to walk with him in the narrow road of his early fortune. People who are living in magnificence in their old age, will often tell you that their happiest days were passed when

they lived very simply in a few rooms, counting every cent in every dollar, saving for a long time before they spent anything for a superfluity and building their means up little by little.

In Ella Higginson's dainty lyric we read:

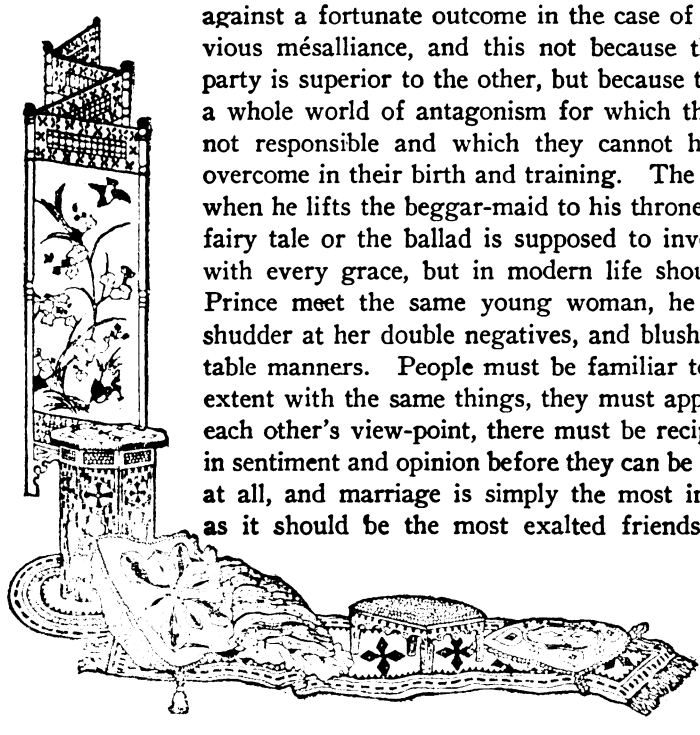
"The green is on the grass again
And the blue is on the sea,
And every lark is singing to
His mate in ecstacy:
And oh, my love, and oh, my love,
I sing to thee.

Wild Mary-buds are opening
Within the marshy lea,
And quickened saps are pulsing through
The heart of every tree;
And ah, how thy love wakes and thrills
The heart of me."

Happiness is naturally the uppermost thought in the minds of both, when two young people meet and love. But there is a nobler thing than happiness of which they should make sure. Can they help each other? Shall she make him a better man, truer, larger, worth more to the community, worth more to the church, worth more to God? Shall he, loving her, develop in her the finer womanhood, make her worthier, lift her to a higher plane, show her a broader outlook?

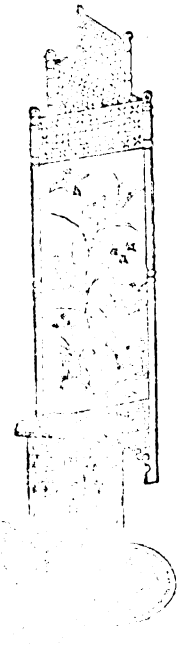
To reach this, the bourne which true lovers should seek, they must have something in common besides mere youth, and a satisfied fancy.

Persons whose upbringing has been on lines of equality are likely to prove more congenial than those whose childhood has been spent in a widely differing environment. The girl who finds her ideal prince in her father's coachman or in an under-gardener or a stalwart navvy may, once in a hundred years, disprove the ordinary phases of human experience, and contradict the testimony of the rank and file, and the union prove suitable and felicitous. The strong probability is that what both the mismatched young people will discover is that what they supposed to be love, was a mere transient liking, which having no root soon withered away. The probabilities are invariably against a fortunate outcome in the case of an obvious mésalliance, and this not because the one party is superior to the other, but because there is a whole world of antagonism for which they are not responsible and which they cannot hope to overcome in their birth and training. The Prince when he lifts the beggar-maid to his throne in the fairy tale or the ballad is supposed to invest her with every grace, but in modern life should the Prince meet the same young woman, he would shudder at her double negatives, and blush at her table manners. People must be familiar to some extent with the same things, they must appreciate each other's view-point, there must be reciprocity in sentiment and opinion before they can be friends at all, and marriage is simply the most intimate as it should be the most exalted friendship on



earth. Accidents of poverty or wealth, do not matter, but education and personal station should be on a corresponding level, when the Prince woos his sweetheart and she accepts his vows.

Two young people of opposite creeds have a less probable outfit for contented and useful marriage than those of one faith. Husband and wife should be able to kneel together in simple trust and child-like humility before the throne of God. In a romance of the middle ages which has had wide popularity the knight in the forest depths teaches the lady whom he has married that he may save her from the hands of her enemies, how to pray, and though he does not understand the Latin prayers which he devoutly repeats, and to her they are but a mystic incantation, yet as the two souls lift their honest words to God, in the unknown tongue, a blessing comes into their blended lives. The pretty scene of the novelist is suggestive of a great truth, namely, that no bond so unites two souls, as that of a common faith in and love to God. In the realm of religion there should be no division of sentiment, and such tenets should be held in honor as veneration for God, and belief in His Son, loyalty to the Redeemer, submission to the Divine Will, and aspiration for the Holy Spirit.



An engaged couple, are naturally very much occupied in their own affairs, and deeply interested in each other and of this no one complains. But when the period preceding marriage is unduly

protracted, it is very well for the young people to remember that they owe duties to the world around them not only, but that there is danger of unwholesome and selfish absorption in a single idea, if they are too constantly together. When every evening is surrendered to long and confidential conversations, or tender silences, when obviously the family and the family friends are *de trop*, when the girl grows pale and heavy-eyed, and the man is absent-minded and depressed if away from her, there is peril of reaction, peril even of weariness and subsequent indifference. Long engagements are to be avoided whenever circumstances are favorable for a reasonably early marriage. A young woman enjoys the distinction of her betrothal time, the devotion of her lover, the felictations of her acquaintances and the meeting with her future husband's people, but, if the engagement is protracted and drags itself over years, the first joyous thrill wanes, the first blush of pleasure fades. Not to wait too long is the part of wisdom. And, during the engagement, let there be occasional absences, little breaks like rests in a melody to make it sweeter when it again begins, and something of that restraint which keeps the two from shunning the society of kith and kin. By all means, just as if they were not engaged, let the lovers go on with their ordinary work in life, their meetings and avocations outside of business hours, dropping nothing; even taking up more

work than before. An extra study, requiring some effort, the attainment of a new weapon in the conquest of another language, French, German, Spanish, some serious reading involving research, all or part of these may be undertaken together, and the halcyon hours of youth, made to return a golden profit.

Winsome Womanhood

Eight — Betrothed

"On such a day, there fell me a great hap,
Treasure of pearls was poured into my lap,
On such a day, the great Lord came to me,
And bade me faithful as His serf to be,
Servant and vassal, yet forever free."

URSUING this subject of love, always of vital importance to youth, we discover that in the older lands, a betrothal is a rite conducted with solemnity, and a certain pomp. It is regarded very properly, as binding as a marriage, and is celebrated with a feast, amid a rejoicing throng of relatives and friends, and presents are bestowed upon the bride of the occasion, as freely and generously as if she were indeed at the altar. There is much to recommend in this ancient and dignified recognition of plighted vows. It is to be feared that young people sometimes form engagements too easily, and are equally ready to break them on slight pretexts. We have the custom now and here, upon the announcement of an engagement, which is usually made by the parents, or nearest friends, of the young lady, of sending felicitations and gifts,

among the latter a cup and saucer holding very conspicuous place, because they are symbolic of domesticity.

To rush into an engagement in a precipitate manner, before the contracting parties are acquainted with one another, except superficially, is very unwise. Once formally betrothed the two belong no more to themselves as individuals, or rather they have entered into a unity of life, which will lead them gradually into the closeness of intimacy, which has its crown in marriage.

Andrew Bonar was wont to compare husband and wife to the two sides of an arch with love as the keystone, and "see," he would say "what burdens an arch can bear." In the early days of their betrothal it is not of burden-bearing that the young people think, their lives are wonderfully free from care, and the dominant note of their lives is hope. The pleasure of planning for the future, and of saving for it is theirs in full measure, and in all days to come their thoughts will return to the rooms where they sat, the streets where they walked and the long evenings when the time to say good-night came all too soon.

A curious fact about the treatment of love in fiction is that in most romances the curtain drops upon the betrothal. We follow the lover and his sweetheart through their various vicissitudes, and if we are veteran novel-readers we feel assured that the author will somehow extricate them from their perils, and cause everything to end well.

Despite the caprice of the moment which calls a tragic conclusion artistic, the ordinary commonplace gentle reader prefers to see the wooing successful, and to be sure that the true lovers shall be fortunate in their mating. A great deal of romance is buried in the hearts of prosaic looking men and women who are apparently absorbed in the affairs of the counting room, the shop and the kitchen. Push away the moss and you will find a dear name inscribed on the stone by their doorsteps; get them to talk to you in confidence and you will discover that the memory of some sweet friend of forty years ago, is still green. All the world loves a lover, and the betrothed pair, in their ensphered Eden, occupied with their roseate dreams, living in anticipation, are objects of interest to elderly people whom perhaps they do not know, but who recognize their relation by unerring and infallible tokens.

The diamond, most precious and most enduring of stones, is the usual engagement ring, and its sparkling dew drop on a maiden's finger announces to her circle that her betrothal has taken place. Diamonds are stones of ceremony, and should not be worn during business hours by young women at their desks, or their type-writers, nor at home by young women over their domestic occupations. They are very costly, and a man may feel that he cannot afford to bestow one upon his sweetheart, in which case she will not miss the shining bauble. During betrothal days the

privilege of both is to give, but the man's homage expresses itself most naturally in flowers, in books, in continual tokens of affection. A girl's own native good sense should lead her not to permit her friend to load himself with financial obligations beyond his means, in order that he may give her pleasure. To do girls justice few of them are mercenary, their love is given not at all because of a desire for the pride and ostentation of wealth nor for its perishing vanities, but for the reason that they have been stirred in their deeper natures, and they unspeakably wish to help the man to whom they have promised their life-long fealty.

The unpardonable sin in betrothal as in marriage is a lack of fidelity. Some natures are deplorably fickle, and their temptation is to slight and lightly esteem the gift they have gained, while they eagerly long for what is yet beyond their reach. The man, or the woman, who is fickle or disloyal during an engagement will surely be so after marriage, and the one who is jealous and morose, suspicious and prone to quarrel on a light pretext, will hardly prove a satisfactory partner in the indissoluble union of marriage. Yet an engagement once made should not be readily severed, and young people should bear in mind that no second experience ever has the freshness and the sacredness of the first. The heart which has been wounded may heal, but the scar is there and there will always be times when the old hurt will

ache again. In the old idyl of King Solomon we read. " Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." It is the one abiding thing in a world of shifting shadows.

THE BRIDE.

The sweet years behind her,
The glad years before,
She stands in her whiteness
At noon's open door.
Life's fullness of blessing, oh! may it abide
Forever around thee, our beautiful bride.

Her Wedding Day

By Nina

"Ring, sweetest bells, in merry peals,
Ring for the love that the eye reveals,
Ring for the vows that make two one,
Ring for the best day under the sun."

ONE white day in a girl's life is peculiarly and forever sacred, as her own, her pearl of days. The years of her youth have led up to this, processional, joyful, filled with preparation, much of it unconscious, but all in the process of nature, fitting her for a woman's coronation. It is a pity if the dear day find her wearied and worn with overmuch solicitude about trivialities; if she has sewed and slaved on her trousseau; if she has been so elaborate in her getting ready, that there is little of herself left when she puts the bridal bravery on. In days not very far removed from ours, a bride was often pale and heavy-eyed, fagged and exhausted from this cause, but we are now able to buy so much ready-made and furthermore the demand for a

very large wedding outfit is so lessened, since a wardrobe can with ease be replenished, that our girls need not deplete their strength by too strenuous toil over their needlework. Forty years ago a girl's wedding clothes were made at home by herself and her sisters under mother's supervision, and if the dainty lingerie or the fine dressing sacques and morning wrappers were embroidered the work grew bit by bit during many weeks, and was the pastime of the bride to be. Many a sweet thought and loving wish and sacred hope were woven into these beautiful garments, yet often their cost in nerves and temper was out of proportion to their intrinsic worth.

The all important preparation for her wedding day lies with the bride herself. She should be calm and joyous. Evenness of mind, and equipoise of body should be hers, and with serenity and consecration, strong in God, she should meet and face the problems of the new life. For, never again can she be as she has been, a girl in her father's house. New responsibilities, new influence, new duties, new hopes and rewards are to be hers, and as she slips her hand into that of her bridegroom, she takes a pledge to sustain him and forward all that is best for him, to make herself the light of his home, and the blessing of his days for all the years to be. No pink and white tyranny shall this be on her part, no despotism of a weaker nature over a stronger, but the rich devotion of a lofty womanhood unstintedly outpoured.

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command:
A being not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

"Love wore a threadbare suit of gray
And toiled within the fields all day.

Though meagre fed and sorely tasked
The only wage Love ever asked,

A child's wan face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle light."

"To other eyes my love may not be fair,
But she is very beautiful to me,
The morning sunbeams tangle in her hair,
Her eyes are deep as the unfathomed sea.

My love and I, and all the world beside
Is less than nothing in the balance laid;
My love and I; so God our steps shall guide
Through the world's ways we wander, undismayed."

A bride, if ever, should have her own way on her wedding day. A simple home wedding with only relatives and friends present, is always a very pleasant occasion, but the choice may be for a more formal and elaborate affair, in which case, there is nothing finer than a wedding in church, with bridesmaids, maids of honor, flower girls and ushers, with the best man to wait on the groom, and the bride entering on her father's arm, and meeting her husband-to-be at the chancel rails, with pomp of organ music and stately cere-

monial. This is usually followed by a reception at the home of the bride, after which she exchanges her white attire for a going away gown, and leaves for her wedding journey amid a shower of congratulations, with an old shoe thrown after her for luck.

The more sensible bridal pairs select for the honeymoon a quiet country house, or a rural inn away from travelled paths, and thus avoid the glare and publicity of a large hotel during the opening days of their marriage. Perhaps the happiest way when practicable is to go directly to the new home, beginning the blended life there.

Unless there is an especially good reason for doing otherwise, young people should start on their career independently, that is, without having in their home the presence of even dear and honored relatives. The first year presents many unforeseen difficulties, and is often rather trying to both, John discovering that Edith is not altogether angelic, Edith learning that John has human imperfections the existence of which she never suspected. They are lovers, they will remain so, but the everyday level of life will become that of comradeship, of friendship, and they will best accommodate themselves to the novel conditions, and in the end will be the more closely united if no one is near to criticize, comment, or interfere. Frequently a father or a mother of one or the other is providentially so situated that it would be extremely unkind to ask that a separate establishment should

be maintained, and when it is right for the young people to live in an already founded home, or to take parents into their new household, it must be accepted as God's intent, and it may be a most satisfactory arrangement. It is however not ideal, nor should it be sought. Parents will do wisely to stay apart if they can, and young people will be happier if they may build the nest without outside help.

In all the coming years from the sweetness of the spring to the winter's snowfall, from youth to age, the wedding day will be a hallowed anniversary. God grant that no separation come between the bride and her husband, until He Himself call one or the other to dwell in the home where they shall go no more out forevermore.

Change of fortune, adversity, bereavement, losses and crosses may come, but if they both are faithful, God-fearing, and brave, love will survive every shock, and prove sufficient for every need.

One of the prettiest weddings I ever attended was extremely informal. As the guests arrived the bride and groom assisted her parents in receiving them, mingling freely with every group, and talking gaily of the incidents which different friends had met with on their journey to the lovely up-country home, decorated like a bower by the bride's own hands. After a while when everyone was present to whom invitations had been sent, the young people quietly stepped to

the head of the room, the clergyman took his place in front of them, and the ceremony proceeded.

A wedding if in the spring, summer or autumn, may derive its specially ornamental feature from the flower of the month, daises, roses or chrysanthemums predominating in the decoration. An Easter wedding may be fragrant with lilies. In winter, palms and evergreens with orchids or violets may be chosen, or winter weddings may be richly adorned with roses worth their weight in silver. The taste and purse of the bride's family must here be consulted. Every expense of a wedding, except the carriage in which to go away, is borne by the people of the bride.

Part Two — High Noon

I would abide in Thy dear will
As in a garden walled from foes,
Wherein the snowy lily grows,
And where the fragrant spices thrill.

I would not have the choosing, Lord,
Choose Thou for me, as seemeth best,
In Thy sure wisdom let me rest,
And daily listen for Thy word.

The Little Home for Two

Ten

"Now God be with this household
And bless it day by day;
On loaf and cup and fireside,
And on its folk alway,
Pour down His peace, and evermore
Be guard and strength and stay."

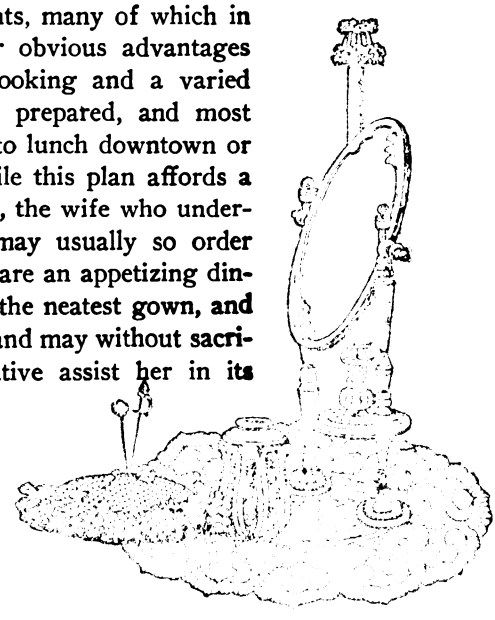
WONDERFUL fascination is in the little home for two. It may be a wee bit of a cottage in the country with a garden at the back, and roses climbing to the eaves. It may be a tiny flat in a city street far up toward the roof: it may be a shabby house with few rooms, but if it be a real home, it is crowned and blessed by the wifely presence, and the cup of the husband overflows. How much thought goes to the plenishing. How the wedding presents add a touch of elegance here, of harmony there. What fun over the disposition of the wedding gift which is palpably a misfit, the choice of wealth, but not of taste, or the tribute of some kind relative out of touch with

modern and æsthetic ideas. What delightful *tête à tête* breakfast and suppers, and how charming the dinners to which one or two intimate friends are asked, when the young matron exercises a genuine hospitality and the young husband begins to realize the dignity there is in being the man of the house.

The wife should not forget that she is the true homemaker, and that her tact, economy and discretion, combined with her steadfast cheerfulness, will be potent factors in the success of her husband in whatever business he may undertake. Her part is not unlike that of the lady of the Middle Ages who sent her lord to the lists, herself buckling on his armor and fastening her dainty favor on his sleeve. But the modern knight rides in a harder combat than that of the ancient tilt and tourney and a thousand foes watch for him where erst there was one. He will encounter insidious temptations, he will face fearful trials, and in the most commonplace life, the most ordinary day, troubles may spring upon him unawares. Our ups and downs in commercial life have been proverbial; the wife must trebly arm her husband, by her serenely invincible faith, by her unsullied sense of right, and by her contagious gayety. At home she must attend to his comforts. Ill-prepared and wretchedly served meals are a disgrace to an intelligent woman, the deeper disgrace if she be college-bred, and intellectually equipped for companionship with the educated. Always

the greater must include the less, and a young woman to whom the curriculum of the schools presents no insuperable difficulty must not stumble over the making of a loaf, or the cooking of a roast. We hear a great deal of nonsense about the effect of the higher education on a young woman, as if there were in it any essential handicap to unfit one for domestic life. Absolutely there is nothing in ordinary housekeeping which need daunt any fairly intelligent girl, who can pay attention, take pains, and observe directions. Cook-books are numerous, and, apart from their aid and that which her native wit will give her, there are manuals of housewifery on every side, most of which may be trusted.

The little home for two may be too tiny to admit the presence of a servant, and if this is so, it may be the more dainty and the more sacredly private. In cities, a young couple may lessen their cares by dining in restaurants, many of which in a good neighborhood offer obvious advantages in the way of excellent cooking and a varied menu. Breakfast is easily prepared, and most men in business are forced to lunch downtown or away from home. But while this plan affords a pleasing change on occasion, the wife who understands good management may usually so order her affairs that she can prepare an appetizing dinner without soil or stain to the neatest gown, and should she do this, her husband may without sacrifice of any manly prerogative assist her in its



clearing away. Every boy in the land should be mother-taught in homely household arts before he leaves his mother's realm: he will thus make the better husband.

The wife who would be in every sense a helpmeet will not waste money: she will study frugality, and, to the end of achieving the best results, will keep very thorough and careful accounts. The method of recording minutely what one spends, is a check on the extravagance in which lurks peril.

As the wee home, or the greater home for two cannot be maintained without money the two immediately concerned will as soon as possible arrive at an understanding as to ways and means. A certain sum must be apportioned for rent, another for fuel, another for clothing, another for the butcher, and the grocer; yet another for possible illness and bills to the doctor. The wife should have her household allowance for the expenses which she must personally contract for and pay. Beyond this, however small it may be, should be a stipulated sum for her private purse. Only in this way can she preserve her personal independence and be sure of contentment. No honored wife should ever be a licensed mendicant, asking for and rendering an account of every penny she spends for her individual wants, to the husband who keeps a tight grasp on the pocket-book. The amount a wife may have as her very own depends altogether on her husband's

income, and the two must resolve to live well within this, unless they wish to be dogged by misfortune, and shamed by debts which they cannot pay.

Wherever the new home is built, God's altar should be raised. Recognition of the Divine Father in a blessing sought at meals and in family prayer, hallows the household. Here it is all important to make a right beginning. Easy to say at first, if grace at meals be omitted, self-consciousness will creep in, and of the two neither wife nor husband will like to take the initiative. Although it is the husband's privilege to lead in all home worship, yet if he be reluctant, the wife would far better assume the obligation than allow the family life to be denuded of that which is its beautiful cap-sheaf, a daily offering of all it is and does and hopes at the Mercy Seat.

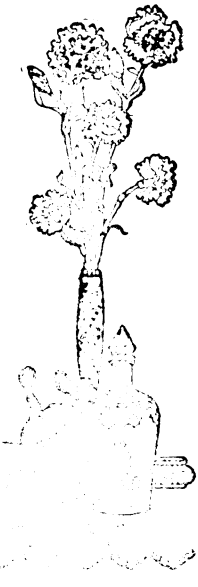
The home does not exist for selfish gratification. It has debts to the community and to the church, as well as duties to society. The loving wife will not endeavor to keep her husband from undertaking duties of citizenship. She will wish him to be a man among men, a man who will not scorn politics nor leave them to the illiterate and the unscrupulous. That her John shall vote, that he shall take some share in his town's, in his state's, after awhile in his country's affairs, will seem to her the appropriate thing. National and world politics are carried on by an immense aggregation of individuals acting under good leader-

ship. When nations fall into ruin and decay it is because manhood has lost its prestige and bartered its birthright for some mess of pottage. Back of every man stands his home. A good woman, whether wife, mother, sister, or daughter, has ever a voice in her country's affairs, not the less eloquent that it is not lifted up in the market-place. Hers is the high task of stimulating and giving noble ideals to the men with whom she daily associates, and they seldom go counter to her wish, and almost never disappoint her if she is true and faithful. Here surely is a wide and splendid field for the exercise of womanly influence, a field which none should overlook or disdain.

The new home may be plainly furnished, but let there be books in it of its own, not merely books loaned by a library, to insure refined pleasure and to bring in the wealth of the ages. One should not hesitate to buy a good book, it is an investment which pays generous interest. No room can be bare in which there are on shelf or table, volumes of the poets, the philosophers and the romancers whose torches have flamed down the centuries, giving light, and passing on cheer and warmth. Read together, dear young people, not in an idle and desultory fashion and not merely for entertainment, but for mutual profit and instruction. Do not let rust gather on the mind. Even if tired and a little depressed, seek the tonic and cordial of the finest literature.

Into the home admit no degrading book. That a book is suspected may not prove it unwholesome, but choose rather for your reading and your living, the book, as the friend, on whose reputation rests no stain. A course of history, planned beforehand and adhered to through the evenings of a winter, repays the home students and enables them to keep in mind what they acquired during earlier days.

Society and the church equally claim the home, each being fed by and composed of many homes through which run subtly uniting threads. We need not attempt display, nor weakly try to emulate modes of living in which we have no allotted share in God's appointment: but neither are we to hold back, refusing to be gracious in word and act to those who are better off than ourselves. There is a sensitive discourtesy to the rich which is as unworthy a Christian householder as is patronage and condescension to the poor. What we are is the significant thing, not what accidental conditions make our environment. We must stand on our own feet, cultivate self-respect, and live for God and the neighbor. Then over the threshold of the little home shall unseen angels glide, and the Master Himself will be present there, an abiding guest.



In our Bible reading we cannot fail to notice in how much esteem the good housekeeper is held by the Lord. Abigail, the stately lady, wife to Nabal the churl, saves him and his retinue from

destruction at the hands of the brave young outlaw captain, David, as she comes to meet him and his band, followed by her servants and a generous provision. She is a type of the housekeeper whose resources are equal to an emergency and whose cupboard is never bare. Dorcas with the poor weeping for the Lady Bountiful who clothed their nakedness and ministered to their illnesses, is the predecessor of our modern Phebe Hearst and Helen Gould, and of a great throng of honorable women who make the world glad by their presence and work. Lydia, in whose name the early Christian found a welcome as they met for neighborhood prayer, Eunice and Lois, the "elect lady", and "those women" who were the friends of Paul, have been repeated again and again, and still live in the newest of the centuries. And Martha whom Christ loved, Martha, the cumbered with serving, is in every congregation yet, and still the Master loves her.

Of the true wife, as in ancient times, it is said that the heart of her husband may safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all her days of her life.

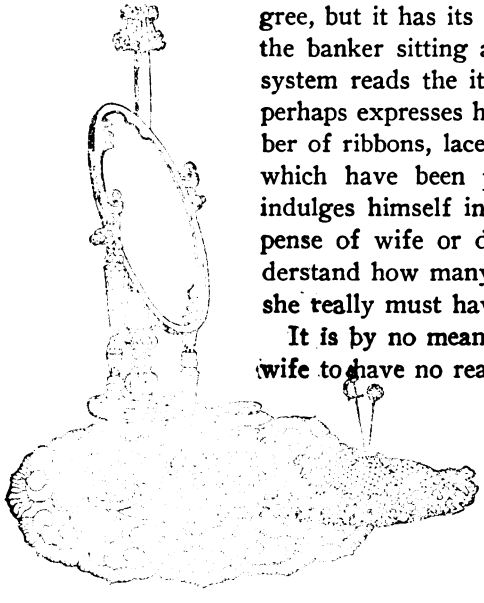
The Family Purse

Eleven

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

MORE trouble, strain and discouragement in home life are due to mismanagement of money than to any other cause. From time immemorial or at least from whatever era in which money began to be an important factor in the concerns of life, it has been a bone of contention. The love of it is the root of all evil. Its hoarding is as the moth that frets a garment. Its wasting is as the break in the mill-dam which may mean the devastating flood. Desire for it blinds the eyes to beauty and a thirst for it lays bare the most sordid motives and menaces the highest good of the soul. Yet money in itself is not an ill, and the pair who marry with neither money in bank, nor an assured income, nor any prospects of its acquisition are hardly sane, and may almost be classed as both paupers and lunatics.

It is the mismanagement of domestic finance which brings disaster and calamity in its wake. In too many homes the man arrogates to himself the holding of the purse strings and reserves the right of dictation as to the spending of the family funds. His wife may ask for what she wants. He deems himself generous if he gives her ungrudgingly whenever she makes her plea. Possibly few men dream of the dislike, the reluctance, the humiliation with which their wives prefer the request, necessarily an oft-repeated one, for the money which they require for everyday use. In some cases where men have wealth, they prefer to pay the bills, and to allow their wives unlimited credit. The wives have carriages and coachmen and full liberty to buy what they want, charge the amount to a running account and have it sent to their husbands at stated intervals. This arrangement sounds luxurious and is acceptable to a degree, but it has its seamy side. The merchant or the banker sitting at his desk, if he be a man of system reads the itemized account, wonders, and perhaps expresses his wonder audibly at the number of ribbons, laces and gewgaws and baubles which have been purchased; pays the bill but indulges himself in a jest or sarcasm at the expense of wife or daughter. A man cannot understand how many little things a woman thinks she really must have.

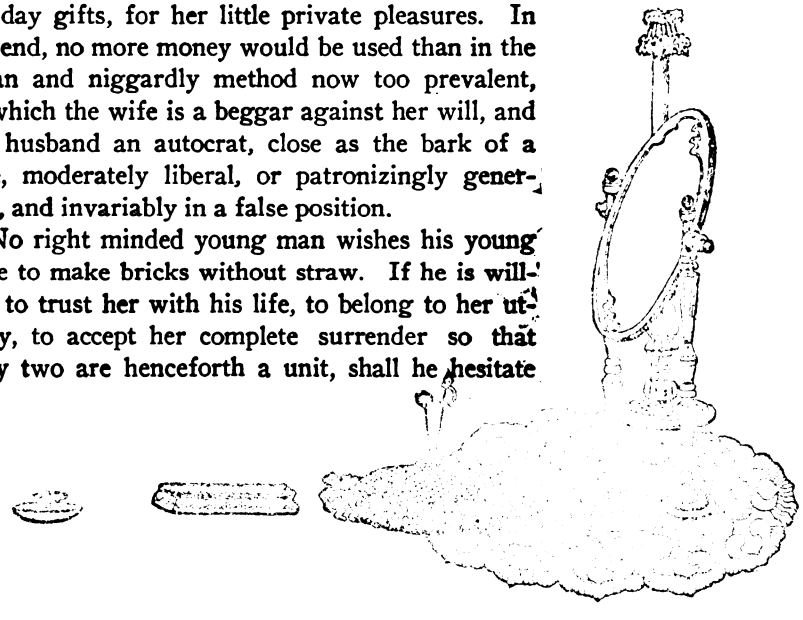


It is by no means uncommon for a rich man's wife to have no ready cash, and to be very much

embarrassed by its lack. On the other hand the wife of a business or professional man under salary, of an Army or Navy man, or of a mechanic, usually knows precisely how much her husband earns, and has a clear idea of what it is right for her to spend. Often in such households the whole financial scheme is open and above board. The money is shared, there is no question of asking or of giving.

As the breadwinner the income passed first to the hands of the husband. As the bread maker, and the bread giver, the wife is entitled to assist in its administration. Every home should be carried on, according to business principles, so much allotted for shelter, so much for fuel, so much for clothing, for books, for pew rent, for educational expenses of children, etc. The wife should have, no matter how small, her individual allowance, for uses of her own, for her charities, for her holiday gifts, for her little private pleasures. In the end, no more money would be used than in the mean and niggardly method now too prevalent, in which the wife is a beggar against her will, and the husband an autocrat, close as the bark of a tree, moderately liberal, or patronizingly generous, and invariably in a false position.

No right minded young man wishes his young wife to make bricks without straw. If he is willing to trust her with his life, to belong to her utterly, to accept her complete surrender so that they two are henceforth a unit, shall he hesitate



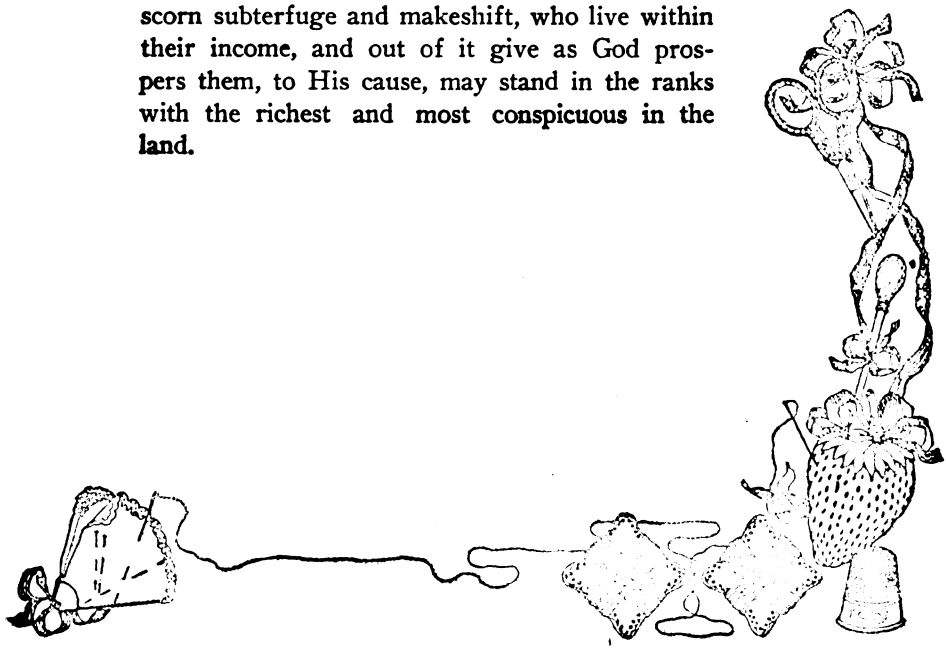
to endow her with his worldly goods? Is money, itself a mere accident, itself a thing that perishes with the using, to be the little rift within the lute that bye and bye shall make the music mute? If a woman does not understand finance she will never learn its alphabet by being kept in the position of a child or an underling. Only as she is trusted will she develop ability. The family purse is not for John, nor for Jane, but for John and Jane, in equal right and equal privilege.

From the outset, the married pair should bear in mind the fact that with the growth of their family, their expenses will increase, and all provident persons will not fail to lay aside some part of their income, denying themselves present indulgences that they may have future peace of mind. A time may come when a group of young people shall be on their hands, requiring for their maintenance and upbringing, much larger sums than may be conveniently found, if thrift has not been the handmaid of common sense, during the first years of their union. As a rule the family status in the community is decided by the first score of years and in their time of strength and hope provision should be made for the later period, and hereto the family should work unitedly, wasting no resource, and looking wisely ahead.

An unwise emulation with acquaintances and friends whose purse is deeper than their own, sometimes brings ruin upon the fortunes of a family. Because another has behind him inherited

wealth or is in a position of eminence insuring large means, is no reason why we whose means are smaller, should desire dress, house, or equipage like his. Contented poverty may be as self-respecting as unstinted affluence. To recognize and accept our limitations is a duty, and once they are thus owned and understood, within them there is great and joyous freedom. Only foolish persons suppose that they acquire friends, popularity, or distinction from their style of living. What we are is far more important than what we do, and frugality is as likely to wear the purple, as extravagance to come to rags and beggary.

But economical living may be as elegant and charming as any other, and the family who scorn subterfuge and makeshift, who live within their income, and out of it give as God prospers them, to His cause, may stand in the ranks with the richest and most conspicuous in the land.



Family Loyalty to God

Twelve

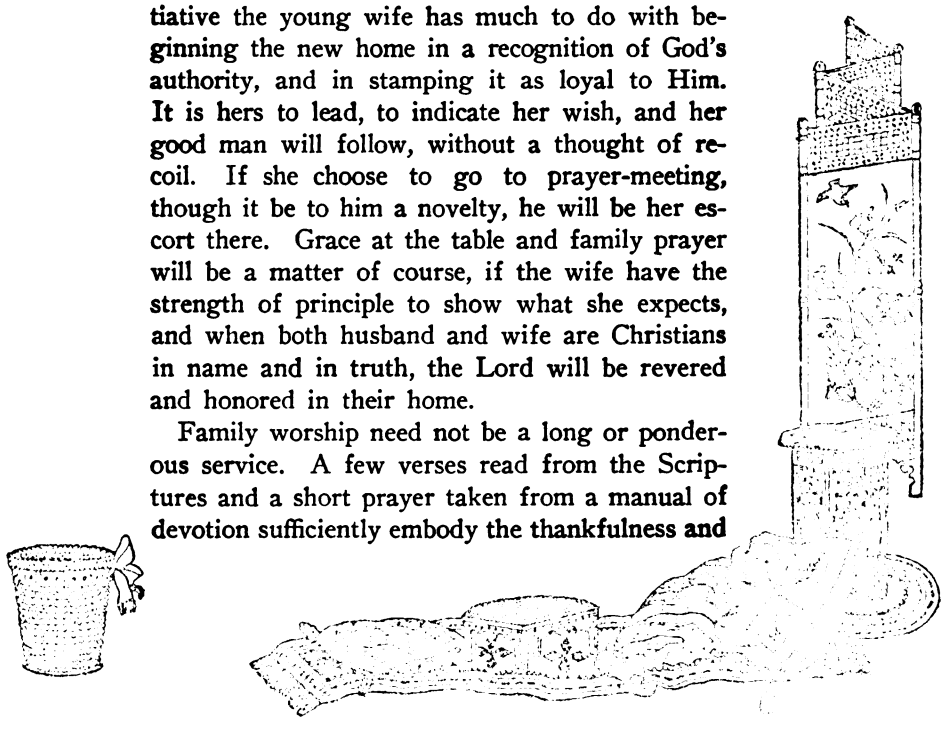
"As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord."

IN a state of society where many influences converge, a large number of them opposed to religion or indifferent to it, there are insidious temptations to forget God. Sabbath keeping is less general than once, and thousands of respectable and intelligent persons who belong of right in the church and with the company of those who fear God, now indulge in open breaking of the Lord's Day. The Sunday newspaper usurps with many the time they would else devote to the sanctuary, and even when it does not prevent attendance upon divine service it brings into the rest day and the hallowed time, a breath of the secular world, and the rush and the whirl of its manifold affairs. Golf, a charming game, enlisting in its healthful sport both sexes and all ages, has brought a new peril into our social life, in that men and women play it upon the Sabbath,

and enlist in their service children who learn while acting as caddies, that gain and sport are of greater importance than obedience to God's express commandment. The bicycle has induced a multitude of young people to take rides and jaunts on the Sabbath, and this too has disturbed the quiet of uncounted small towns and villages once hushed and tranquil on the hallowed day, and has aided in depleting the churches to an alarming extent.

We need, each woman for herself and each family for itself, to set up a standard of right living and pure thinking in this matter of Sabbath keeping and to adhere to it firmly. In the initiative the young wife has much to do with beginning the new home in a recognition of God's authority, and in stamping it as loyal to Him. It is hers to lead, to indicate her wish, and her good man will follow, without a thought of recoil. If she choose to go to prayer-meeting, though it be to him a novelty, he will be her escort there. Grace at the table and family prayer will be a matter of course, if the wife have the strength of principle to show what she expects, and when both husband and wife are Christians in name and in truth, the Lord will be revered and honored in their home.

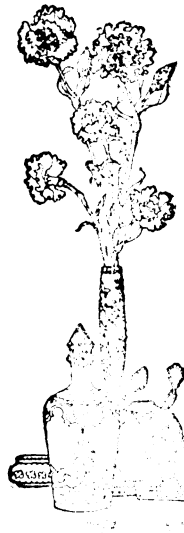
Family worship need not be a long or ponderous service. A few verses read from the Scriptures and a short prayer taken from a manual of devotion sufficiently embody the thankfulness and



carry the aspirations of the moment. Self-consciousness and diffidence prevent us from prayer in the presence of others, just as they seal our lips on sacred subjects so that the thing we most avoid in speech is often our love to our Father in Heaven. Strangely some of us hesitate to dwell on what should be our uppermost thought.

"Take the Name of Jesus with you
Child of sorrow and of care."

Yes, take the Name, and tell the Name. "Never be ashamed to speak for Jesus. Think how much a word can do." Family loyalty to God is upheld and strengthened by these two simple customs, never intermitted, and habitual at last as the light we love and the air we breathe. In whatever far land we wander, wherever we dwell, the hour of family prayer, the Sabbath with its tender spell, the blessing asked on food and drink, shall return to us in memory, and hold us fast to the best and highest ideals.

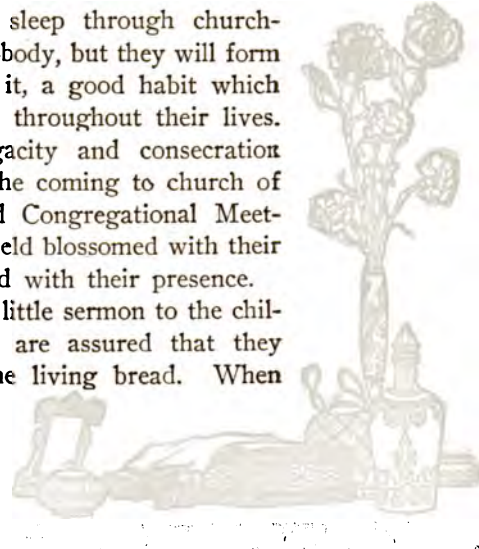


An association of families, each owning the common bond will lift a community. As the strongest ties are those earliest made, the family must not wait for its fortunes to brighten, for its ambitions to be fulfilled, for any great and marked change in its conditions, but, from its foundation, place every stone in its building with a prayer and a song of praise. Among surrounding families, the Christian's should have about it the aroma of

a pure and lofty consecration. Once a position is taken, and clearly defined, there is a tacit acceptance of it on the part of neighbors and acquaintances, and the household is generally recognized as one which is separate and on the Lord's side.

The attendance of a whole family at church, the children seated in the pews with their father and mother, is a silent yet eloquent witness that the family belong to God. To allow children at their own discretion to attend church or to remain at home or to select a church other than that of their parents, is to throw a tacit reproach on the service as though it were a matter of very small moment. Children should attend the Sunday School and there study the Bible, but if either must be forborne, the Sunday School and not the sanctuary should be omitted. Even babies may cuddle down in their mother's encircling arms and quietly sleep through church-time; they will disturb nobody, but they will form in thus early beginning it, a good habit which will stand them in stead throughout their lives. Mr. Moody, whose sagacity and consecration were equal, insisted on the coming to church of the children and the old Congregational Meeting-house at East Northfield blossomed with their sweet faces and was glad with their presence.

Some pastors preach a little sermon to the children first, so that they are assured that they have their portion of the living bread. When



this is not done, the little ones understand far more than their elders suppose, of the teachings of an ordinary gospel sermon. They feel that they are included even as their parents are in the intention of the pastor, and the hymns, prayers, and readings are for them, as for every one else. By the time a lad has reached ten or twelve, in constant neglect of divine service, it will not be easy for him to form a habit of church attendance.

Besides this, which is of primary importance, a return on the part of parents to catechetical instruction, would be a great help to the next generation. A catechism is condensed truth. In the form of question and answer, concrete, thoughtful and terse, it tells the communicant what he believes and why, in such form that he never need be at a loss when asked to explain his position as a disciple. We hope for our children that they shall be church members. We long to gather them early into the fold. By training them in the catechism we give them the sort of drill which the raw recruit requires before he can become a tried soldier.

At a very early period, children may be admitted to full membership in the church, provided they have been led to Christ in their infancy. Born into the kingdom, they have a right to the children's bread. Our Lord Himself has said "Suffer them to come unto Me and forbid them not." Conscientious parents sometimes put forth a re-

straining hand, and keep back for a year or two, the little one who would fain testify his loyalty to Christ, and come into close relationship with Him as His professed follower. This is to leave the lambkins out in the cold, where the wolves may assail them, when the tender Shepherd waits to lift them up and fold them to His bosom.

Child-members of the church need oversight, teaching and continual love and care. To every mother, Sunday School teacher, and pastor, Jesus still says feed My lambs, aye, and bring them in that they may be safe in the inner circle, in the very midst of the fold.

"In the morn of the holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
Dear little children gathered
And worshipping there with me,
They sit in the congregation
With faces grave and sweet,
And the Master looks upon them
His lilies among the wheat."

Thirteen Shall Both be Wage-earners?

"She seeketh wool and flax
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She maketh fine linen and selleth it and delivereth girdles unto the merchant."

A WIFE has sometimes a peculiar adaptation to some field of labor. She writes and her stories, essays and sketches find a ready market. She paints or illustrates, and publishers wish her aid in adorning their books, or purchasers are easily tempted to buy her pictures. A talent for teaching has fitted her to be useful in the school-room. A capacity for business has before her marriage assured her a generous support. To abandon the activities in which she delights, to resign their honorable emoluments, and to confine herself within the boundaries of housekeeping to the limits of her husband's salary, seems to her a needless bondage. With all her powers she wishes to make the home happy and to dignify it by attention and loving care, but she very justly con-

cludes that it is wiser to earn money in her own way and pay for extra service in the lines which are to her an unwelcome drudgery than to spend her days in domestic toil when there is no return to justify it. A cook and housemaid under her supervision can carry on the ordinary home tasks and she can earn their wages several times over, by work congenial to her taste, while her husband is not neglected, nor is the time she would spend with him in the slightest degree encroached upon or abridged.

For example, a professor in a Western College receives an annual salary of fifteen hundred dollars. On this amount he and his wife may live in comfort, and may support their little home and bring up two or three children. But the wife must do much of her sewing, and a large part of her housework, and she will need very carefully to study economy. The pastor of a small country church in the hills has a stipend of from five to seven hundred dollars, and a parsonage. His gifted wife, whose pen before her marriage had done very inspiring work, must now lay it aside, or the parish and the minister will suffer, unless she can earn enough to pay for outside helpers, as she may do, if permitted to use her God-given talents in her own way. The question for the professor's and the pastor's wife is simply one of choice, of deciding which of two ways, is the better for her to take?

The objection to wage earning on the wife's

part is twofold. One side of the opposition claims that her husband learns to depend upon her, and is less energetic and less diligent in doing his share as a consequence of her exertions. The other count is to the effect that she gives an undue prominence to her work, and that her household and children show that their mother is absorbed in something which they cannot share. But it is a most unmanly man who will be less thorough and faithful in his legitimate sphere, for the reason that his wife is also a wage-earner in hers, and the woman who plays the role of Mrs. Jellyby is exceptional in our times. Little credit can be given to such a weakling.

I know several homes in which husband and wife are wage-earners, both going forth for several hours daily to their separate avocations and returning to the hearthstone at night. The breakfasts and dinners in their households are temptingly and daintily served, the home is bright and neat, the interest in affairs and in people never slackens. The wife, her hands full, her brain busy, her individual independence assured, is relatively younger than her neighbor whose duties have been limited to domesticity.

Every married pair must decide a question of this sort, not in accordance with the opinion of others, but from their own convenience and their own preference. In certain fields there has never been a question about the matter, as, in the farmhouse which summer after summer opens wide

its hospitable doors for the entertainment of city boarders. The wife here, as the summer hostess, works hard and long: her morning begins with the dawn, she has no respite till the frosts fall in the meadows, and the town guests flit back to their domiciles. Often her husband calmly appropriates the whole of the summer's earnings, taking them with her consent, to buy more and better farm appliances, or to pay the farm mortgage. Both have been wage-earners, he out-of-doors, and she within, yet she has reaped little of the benefit, and is not much the gainer, as she sets out to do her own hard work during the long winter. That sort of wage-earning in which both are equals, in which the wife receives and uses as she thinks best, or saves as she prefers what her own exertions have won is the more desirable and the least objectionable. It should be understood that a wife takes up individual work, not because she ought, but because she chooses: that a husband supports his family, and that there is no hardship involved or implied when a wife adjusts her domestic economy to the means he can bring. But children are not necessarily the worse for having a wage-earning mother. The finest housekeeping, the most perfect homemaking, I have ever seen, and the most successfully ordered nurseries, have been in households where both parents worked for wages of some description. Among the very poor, this way of living may become a necessity, and it then presses hardly upon the older chil-

dren, but this is not so, as we ascend a step higher and reach the educated and comparatively well-to-do classes of society.

Fourteen Motherhood

"The little ones cling to their mother
And their kisses softly fall
But the babe in the wee white cradle
Is dearest to mother of all."

THE whole education of a girl from her infancy onward should be a preparation for motherhood, and this, not because she may marry and become a mother, but rather for the reason that the upbringing and nurture of the race in its earliest and most impressionable years is in the molding hands of woman. A teacher cannot perform the duties of her high office as she ought unless she possess the maternal spirit. An elder sister needs the mother-heart. Every girl in her relation to those younger than herself, and to some extent in her friendships with others, of her own sex not only, but of the opposite, is the better for having in her nature something of the tender and brooding love and compassion which are the mother's finest endowments. This is beautifully brought out in a recent novel by James Lane Allen, in which the hero, storm-tossed and

well nigh wrecked, harassed by doubts and in bitter stress and strain, is beloved by the heroine with more than the sweet surrendering love of girlhood; with the sustaining devotion and all comprehending intuitive sympathy of that maternal nature which it is the glory of woman to possess.

That is the best training of the school and of the home which makes woman patient, gentle, forceful and spontaneous, which keeps in her, intact amid all changes the child-heart. Except ye become as little children, said the Master, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. A little child is quick to trust, quick to forgive, quick to serve. The small feet run willingly on errands, the small hands tug at tasks too big for them, the child, often wounded by thoughtless criticism, often misunderstood by the duller adult, often unjustly punished, is swift to pardon injury and is utterly incapable of malice. Revenge, deceit, wilful unkindness are unchildlike; though they are fostered in children by the examples, the blunders, and the cruelty of those who have them in charge.

Child culture has become a familiar phrase, and mothers are intent in learning all they can about theories of education, and nursery discipline. From the cradle, which is the baby's nest, soft, warmly-lined, and protected from rude intrusion, guarded wisely from the indiscriminate caresses and promiscuous kisses of affectionate kindred,

to the kindergarten which is the child's paradise, every step of infantile progress is most sedulously and vigilantly watched. These are the golden years of life. No one who has observed the almost miraculous facility with which children acquire ideas and grow from babyhood through the first seven years, can fail to see that most jealous attention should be given to the trend of the soul then and there, when God and the mother have the child to themselves.

No two little ones in the family are alike. To an outsider there may be great similarity; eyes, mouth, hair, may be in close resemblance as in the case of twins. Yet the mother is aware of differences vital and deep, and it is the privilege of the mother to study the individual and to adapt training to the individual need. One child is weak of will and easily bent: another is manifestly stubborn and requires gentle handling and guiding. There are still homes, more is the pity, in which obedience is a fetich, and people dare attempt that diabolical thing and boast of it later, namely the breaking of a child's will. There are other homes, great is the shame, where the children are ever in the forefront, and the elders have no rights worth respecting, where misrule reigns, and order is unknown. True motherhood avoids extremes. The mother trains her children to obey, lovingly and continually, not by penalty, not by severity, not by perpetual nagging and fussing, and a hail-storm of don'ts rained on childish heads, but by

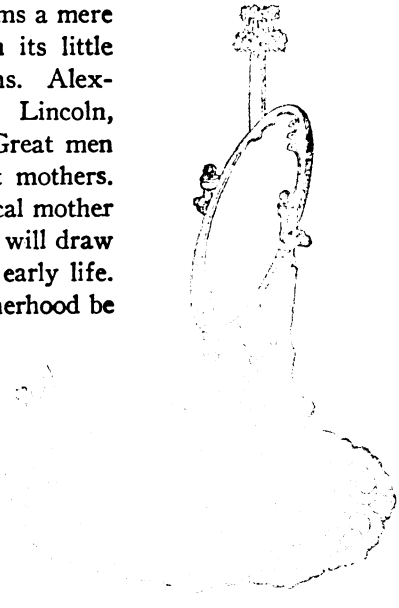
firmness, by sweetness, and by consistency and calmness. Her unbroken self-control is the children's refuge and shelter: her authority always felt is never expressed in threats and harshness. Children must indeed obey, not because parents tell them to, but because obedience to the Divine Father is enjoined on us all, and together we must look for the Divine leadings and walk as God wishes us to.

Our little ones live in a very narrow world. They are hearing what we say, they are observing what we do. They are taking on our looks, our manner, our very thoughts. With the mother, the children's welfare is supreme, their health of body and their grasp of mind, their contentment or their fretfulness, their whole life story, are in her hands.

A mother may sensibly avail herself of every possible help. Her library should contain the best books which modern thought and modern science have produced on maternal duties and children's needs. She will find great profit in association with other mothers, and the numerous societies, congresses and conventions where mothers meet will make their appeal to her and assist her with suggestions. But after all, each woman must be a law unto herself, and the ultimate comfort of every one is, that the Lord still says to the baby's mother, " Take this child and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages." As our Lord's mother, heard a voice saying " Blessed art thou among women " so may every expectant mother

hear a sweet voice in her soul, and over every crib, we may be sure that guardian angels bend. And every woman who does mother's work in this world whether or not she bear babes, is in such wise as she rears children for Christ, a sharer in the promise. That he (or she) that overcometh shall inherit all things, the hidden manna, the new name, the morning star, is the never abrogated promise of the Lord.

Before the babe comes, during the quiet months of waiting for its advent, the mother's heart should be as a cloister, hallowed and pure. No storm of passion should sweep it, no fretful reluctance should mar its peace. Of old, Hannah prayed, and God gave her Samuel, a child of rare beauty consecrated from his birth. Read the story of Samuel, and observe how his whole life from infancy to venerable age was a testimony to the faithfulness of his mother, and to her dedication of him from the earliest life throb. A babe seems a mere waif on the stream of eternity, but in its little hand may lie the destinies of nations. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, were once infants in mother's arms. Great men and great women, too, have had great mothers. A mean, petty, selfish, vain and egotistical mother will impress those traits on her child; he will draw them in with the milk which feeds his early life. For the sake of our country, let its motherhood be noble.



Fifteen — As the Children are About Her

"Busy days are happy days
Brimming o'er with cares
But to each day's portal comes,
Many an angel unawares."

A MOTHER around whom clustered a group of five beautiful girls and boys, their ages ranging from seven to fourteen said one day, "Life is so interesting in our home." Indeed it was, and is, wherever the children are growing up together, bringing into the household their games, their school tasks and competitions, their perpetually changing points of view, and the multitude of speculations which are inseparable from their development. What shall these little ones be? For what are we training them? How are they to meet the unknown future? Are they filling each day's measure of duty as the day comes? These boys and girls are immature men and women, men and women in the process of making, and to the mother who keeps pace with

WE THREE.

We three are one in loving
A dear one out of sight.
We even kiss her picture
By day and candle light.
The very thought of mother
Helps us to choose, the right.

them, their characters are of the utmost, the most absorbing importance.

Mothers are sometimes aware that they are intellectually rusting, that they are lagging behind their children, and forgetting what they once knew not only, but losing the mental acuteness which keeps for them the children's confidence. That we are all our lives to remember the rules and dates and facts we learned at school is not to be expected, but it is not well for a child to feel that mother and father are ignorant persons, on whom he may look down from a superior level. Nor is it a happy thing in the struggle for subsistence that the children shall grow apart from the parents. There are homes in which there is no community of friendship. Edith has her intimates, Louise has hers, Laura has hers, but they remain distinct, and the mothers of the several girls are almost strangers. In the ideal home, mother and daughters have friends in common, and the confidence between them is unbroken. The mother is the one to whom boys and girls turn with their problems, their troubles and their doubts, she can sympathize; she can understand and decide; she knows what is best to do and say.

Whenever I notice in a young woman or young man a disinclination to confide in the mother, a dislike to consult her and a withholding of confidence, I am sure that at some moment in the home life, there was the making of a great and

almost irreparable mistake. In the effort to dress the daughter daintily, the mother has not had time to be the daughter's friend. Or else, and this is a more common error and equally deplorable, the mother in her great unselfishness, deliberately effaced herself, took the second place when she was entitled to the first, wore old gowns that the girls might have new ones, and shabby gloves and hats that their finery and millinery might be resplendent, did the rough work to save their hands, took on herself the hardest burdens and walked the steepest road, that theirs might be light loads and easy paths. No mother does well to put herself too far in the background. She is the planet, her children the satellites, and she cannot step down from her proper place without disturbance to the solar system.

Perhaps life's happiest days are these of high noon, when woman is at her fullest maturity and in the radiance of her richest powers and her children are growing out of childhood and looking forward to college and to business. She must make much of herself for their sakes: she must not fall below a high standard; she must be bright, helpful, sympathetic, eager-hearted, and young with them. Blessed is that youth of the heart which abides, and is not dimmed in the heat of the day.

So swiftly fleet the years, so whirl the hours and days and weeks away, as the waves rush over onward to the sea, that "What thou doest, thou

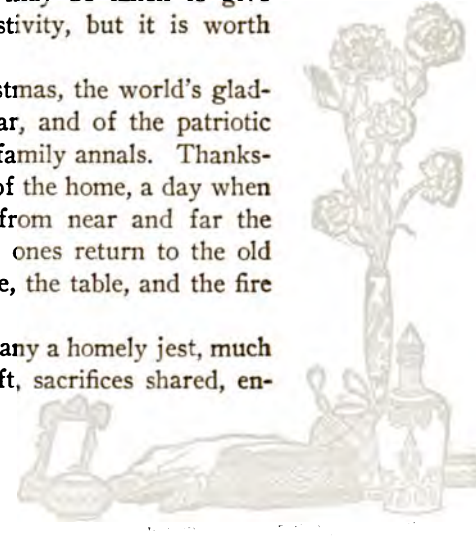
must do quickly" is the word spoken to us as we stand in the midst of our years.

We should make much of the home anniversaries, as the children are about us. Birthdays come and go. Let every birthday be a festival, a time when the gladness of the house finds expression in flowers, in gifts, in a little fête. Never should a birthday be passed over without note, or as if it were a common day, never should it cease to be a garlanded milestone in the road of life.

The wedding anniversary, the day of the son's majority, of the daughter's graduation, the day when a very sweet and beautiful thing happened, any day of the right hand of the Most High, should be fitly commemorated in the family life, and thus will help in making the family united and clannish, the latter a good thing, within due bounds. A little trouble may be taken to give such a day an air of festivity, but it is worth while.

The recurrence of Christmas, the world's gladdest day, of the New Year, and of the patriotic holidays are signalized in family annals. Thanksgiving is peculiarly a day of the home, a day when the kindred gather, and from near and far the scattered and the precious ones return to the old homestead, to the roof-tree, the table, and the fire on the hearth.

Many a little journey, many a homely jest, much merry-making, much thrift, sacrifices shared, en-



deavors made together for the good of all, belong to this period. If poverty comes and the skies darken, there is the more reason that the family shall cling close and stand shoulder to shoulder. Mother should not bear her solicitudes alone. Father should let his boys know that things are pressing hardly upon him. Injustice is often done to the young people in hiding from them the precise nature of the difficulties which hedge the path of parents. They would gallantly do their share if they were allowed, but they are kept in the dark, and do not know that there is trouble they might relieve.

Entire confidence, the security of love, freedom of movement, sympathy and trust in God, are the pivotal springs of home life. Never is a mother happier than when her children are about her, than when on her nightly round, she leaves a kiss on every brow, and knows each darling safe and asleep in bed, the door shut, and the little world curtained in, with Our Father watching it till the morning light.

In Mrs. Oliphant's touching autobiography there is a passage which moves every mother-heart, where looking back over lonely years, the saddened elderly woman remembers how simply happy she was, when at night her babies were asleep, and with her needlework in her hand, she went down the stair to sit with her husband. The little homely scene is like a Flemish painting; and similar pictures are in our homes everywhere, the

children folding dimpled hands and saying their evening prayers, the mother looking to the windows and doors and hearing the story of each childish day; then in the room below, with a sigh of full content, taking her work, her book, her mending; talking with her good man, or writing the letter she has in mind for her own distant mother. Outside the wind may blow, and the tempest beat; it matters not for the little home is as God's ark, where the tiniest birdling is safe.

Every child's birthright is a happy home. No human foresight can provide for the child a happy life. The future may be full of shoals and quicksands. But there is gladness enough to go round the whole world while the children are little and in the home nest.

Young People and the Church

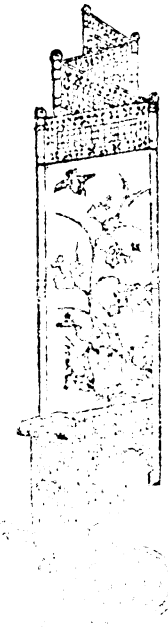
Sixteen

"In the morning sow thy seed,
Trust the sleepless Lord to send,
Sun and dew and rain at need,
Trust Him till the daylight's end."

OUNG strength, young ardor, young buoyancy, are the imperative needs of the church. Our blessed Lord gave to His people the example and the memory of a young man consecrating every power in his possession to the saving of the world. His disciples were young men. When He called the twelve and constituted them His immediate circle of friends and companions, He did not choose the old and weary, gray and infirm, or even middle-aged men, world-burdened and cumbered, but took from fisher's boat and clerk's bench men of His own age, men in their youth. And while the church cannot do without the experience and the wisdom of older people, its first rallying cry is that the young may gather around its banner, and carry on its aggressive

work. Just as in the great world movements, in the wars which usher in peace, the rank and file are young men, and as the most famous commanders of history have been men in the flower of their years, so in Christ's onward march, He calls for youth to enlist in His service, for blithe hope, and glad courage, and unreserved faith to be His own.

Our Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, Epworth Leagues, Student Volunteer Societies, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, our Guilds and Girls' Friendly Societies, all afford opportunity to the youth of the church to work for Christ in organization. The friendly hand, the ringing cheer, the voice which says "come with us and we will do thee good," belong to these bands of congenial workers. The local church may or may not have its organized society of the young people. Whether its constitution include League or Guild or there be no special organization, it cannot do without the help of the young, and perhaps far more when there is no regular work assigned to them, should they do their full share, than at any other time.



Young people in the church may heartily support their pastor and further his efforts, in the positive way by regular attendance at church and prayer meeting, and in the negative way by an absence of deprecatory criticism of his sermons, his methods and his work. One sometimes hears

it said of a minister that he does not please the young people, and if this impression become general it is certain to interfere with the success of any church. Sometimes the prayer meetings are left overmuch in the hands of the older people, of session or consistory, mature men, with silver hair, and there is also always a large contingent of elderly women in black gowns and hats, so that the air of the meeting is funereal and repellent to the young. The same faces are seen every week: the same voices are heard; the same prayers are made. It is uphill work for the pastor who must often yearn for the influx of the younger ones, of the young married couples who might so uphold his hands, and of the cheery lads and lasses who fancy they have performed their whole duty when they have attended the Christian Endeavor Meeting.

Never should a loyal church member of any age, impair the influence of his pastor by a strain of qualified praise, as for example: "Doctor C.'s personality is charming. Socially no one could be more delightful, but his sermons are dry, or too scholarly, or above the people's heads." "Mr. R. is a good man. Every one respects his character: he is fearless, frank and genial, and he attacks existing evils boldly, but he cannot preach. It is weariness to listen to such dull homilies." "Dr. M. is the best of pastors. In the sick room he is without a peer; to the afflicted he is as an angel, but he is very imperious, and insists on his

own way; he is inelastic and behind the times; he will not defer to the choir." "Mr. L. is a splendid preacher, eloquent, poetic; his words are like live coals; people throng to hear him, but he is a recluse, he lives in his study, and does very little visiting in the congregation." Thus, with variations are the changes rung upon faint praise, and the pastor is hampered, his usefulness is diminished. Let the young people follow him as soldiers a captain whom they love, let them close round him, take his orders: remember that the object of the pulpit is instruction and go to church, not to be entertained but to be profited, and let them inspire and formulate a style of feeling and opinion which shall not demand of the minister superfluous visiting, nor other work which may as well be delegated as done by him in person. Above everything else, let them be present in their places in force, and this can come about only through individual attendance as often as a service is announced.

The Sunday School is the legitimate place in the vineyard for the work of the young, and there the study of the Bible goes on with so much that is interesting in the way of collateral information, and with such light thrown on ancient lore by modern scholarship and research, that either membership in a class, or the teaching of a class, is equally profitable.

Whatever else may offer itself, there is always the opportunity for giving, and this should be

systematic and not sporadic. If we make it our invariable rule to lay aside a portion of our means, the tenth as the minimum and more if we can, for charity, for benevolence, for the calls of the church, and religiously make that our offering, we shall feel it a joy and a privilege to help God's cause with our silver and our gold. A very rich and very penurious church member said one day regretfully, "I never formed the habit of giving in my youth." Now in life's noon of privilege, in the blithe heyday of happiness and endeavor, is the time to form the habit of generosity not according to impulse, but according to deliberate purpose.

The testimony of all who have worshipped the Lord in giving as in praying is that a tenfold blessing is returned to them by this reverent obedience to God's command. "There was one year," said a friend, "when my husband and I thought ourselves too poor to consecrate the Lord's tenth, and so we refrained from giving it. We never dared repeat the experiment." Giving must not be niggardly; it must, for our own soul's sake be liberal, and, if the penny or the dollar be accompanied by a prayer, it will always mark a deepening of the spiritual life, and a great increase of faith and peace.

A marked feature of our period is the declension of household piety, but opposed to that, and sure to overcome it in the end is an increase of the number of young men and women who in college and

schools are giving themselves unreservedly to the Master and the campaign against sin and Satan. The retired piety of the mystic, the aggressive ardor of the soldier, the earnest affection of the friend, the cheery step of the comrade, we find all these among our Christian youth, and we beg them, of all types, of all shades of temperament to "Stand up, stand up for Jesus!"

Young People and Society

Seventeen

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

MAY I suggest that in social intercourse the ability to converse well is a talent worth cultivating? Not every one can talk agreeably. Some people are hampered by poverty of thought. Their mental horizon is limited, their ideas meagre. Others habitually live and think on a low plane. Their topics of daily talk are confined to the kitchen, to the dining-room, the servants, their dress and latest purchases, and to petty gossip. Unless people live on an elevated plane, unless they have a range wider than the little pasture lot just back of their house, they will have little to talk about. Did you ever observe how welcome in any company is the person who comes

in, wholly at her ease, wholly unrestrained and free, yet considerate of others, the person who has something to say, and says it in good English, clear, lucid, and well expressed? In her circle this young woman or this older one is popular and admired; her presence is longed for, and her words are heard with pleasure. She is sure to have no self-consciousness, a fatal bane to enjoyment in society, and an unfortunate defect in the individual. The man or woman who is always on dress parade, always furtively watchful about the effect of what is done or said, always on the alert for a compliment and a little disappointed if none comes, is never one to be welcomed anywhere. To our social mingling with friends, as opposed to that of our business and professional intercourse we should try to bring a various knowledge, and should aim to contribute at least a word or sentence worth their attention. The young girl at her desk must not talk, except upon the affair in hand. No one has time or inclination in a business office to listen to a story, a jest, or a poetic comparison. There, these are manifestly out of place and inappropriate. In home life and where people come together at luncheon or dinner or for an evening's entertainment there is opportunity for much bright talk, and the good talker is an acquisition. No one should attempt to be brilliant, because if there is native wit, it will flash out of itself, and the endeavor to simulate wit and humor when they are not inborn is sure to be heavy

and cumbrous. But one may be appreciative. A good listener is as valuable as a good talker. A listener's outfit is two-fold. She must be unselfish; she must pay attention. I suppose that Lord Macaulay was in many ways one of the most wonderful conversationalists ever known, yet he failed in the role of the listener, always wanting to talk himself and frequently monopolizing the time of a whole company, among whom were other gifted talkers who desired to be heard, while his monologue went endlessly on.

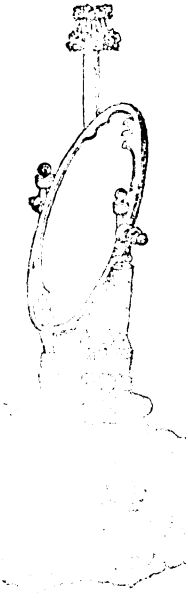
If you listen to a friend, look at her. Give the interested, steady, level glance. Keep your mind on what she is saying. It is possible to pay an apparent attention while one's thoughts are wandering to the end of the earth. Never interrupt a friend, nor finish his story, nor correct his version of it, nor suggest the missing word to him if he hesitates. Wait with patience till he finds the word he wants. When some one in your presence relates an unimportant incident of family or neighborhood gossip, do not be at the pains to set right a trivial detail. Whether Uncle Henry arrived on Wednesday or on Thursday may matter little, although in passing we may note that an accurate memory for small details is a thing worth striving for.

Avoid in society the temptation to snub others, to say bitter things, or things that may leave a sting. Of all abominable social sins, the putting out a claw velvet-sheathed, and making a poisoned scratch is the worst. Mrs. Browning speaks of

woman's cruelty in this regard, her taking her finest needle point and using it to hurt her foe or her friend as it may be. If one has occasion for offence, the better plan is openly and honestly to state the grievance, preferably alone with the offender, since it is always very bad form to make a scene, or to introduce a disagreeable subject in public. This too, is the Christian way, the Master's way, and His too is the Divine spirit of forgiveness which does not hold a grudge, which is quick to overlook a slight, and to pardon an injury. Malice and anger are fiends which hunt in couples, and leave behind them a devastating track.

Indulgence in any sort of ill-humor, and persistent yielding to sulks, or to perversity, leave their traces on the countenance. Little do we suspect the unconscious revelations we are making of the hidden temper of our souls; little do we dream that our faces are often as open books to those whom we meet, showing what manner of spirit we are of, and testifying to the indwelling light, if we commune often with God, or to our starvation and lack, if our life is apart from Him.

If we use our accomplishments as aids in making others happy their social value will be multiplied. Music may add much to the pleasure of our friends, but there are performers who are never in such practice that they are willing to play, and so piano, flute and mandolin are voiceless. A little musical ability is rather despised in these days of advanced artistic excellence, yet where people are not too critical, the player whose



repertoire is limited and whose skill is but slight may help others to be cheery and frighten away the demon of the blues, which is ready to pounce upon a weary brain. The banjo, a plebeian little instrument, with its strumming and tumming, is nevertheless a source of much joy: Kipling sings of it in one of his most charming lyrics, as the "war-drum of the white man round the world." A banjo, a violin, a mandolin, may be carried anywhere, and with them should go the willingness to oblige, which will lead their owners to play when invited.

So with singing. I would suggest that there should be discretion as to songs. Frances Ridley Havergal was accustomed to use her superb voice and her unique musical endowment only and definitely in religious music, she said

> "Take my voice and let me sing
> Always, only for my King."

I would draw the line at the coarse, the vulgar, and the common-place. Little machine-like jingles which desecrate music are as objectionable as funny songs which trench upon the unrefined and illiterate. There is room for a wide selection in homely songs, in ballad music, in classic and in patriotic melodies, for all voices, and "Holiness to the Lord," should be written not on our psalms and hymns only, but on every song we lift, and every lyric we repeat.

In every group of young people there should be at least one who understands harmony, who can

play familiar airs, and read at sight any melody. Also there should be one who can play accompaniments, a most desirable accomplishment.

The temptation to withdraw from society, to live the hermit life, assails some temperaments, and is to be resisted as earnestly as the opposite temptation to be ever in public, to be always visiting and entertaining. Without a certain measure of solitude and seclusion, no soul can grow. Too much retirement leads to morbidness and is unwholesome. No home should be forever open, a tramping ground for the feet of the neighbors and the world. But homes cannot come to their fullness of beauty and the utmost blessedness of their possibilities without much hospitality, without receiving and assimilating the best that friends and books and humanity can give. In choosing a locality for a home, one should always inquire, what are the social advantages and characteristics of the neighborhood, what style of young people live there, what associations are predominant?

The Christianity which attracts will ever be winsome, ever be positive, ever be conciliatory, ever be magnetic. It will not burn with a feeble flickering flame under a shade in one's own home only; it will shed its illumination wherever the disciple goes. Through all wind and weather, above all clouds its beautiful star beams brightly.

"Let your light so shine," that it may scatter every gloom and in every dark place be a candle burning for the Lord.

Friends and Neighbors

Eighteen

"Better is a neighbor that is near
Than a brother that is far off."

FROM our crowded cities neighborliness has vanished like a mist of the morning. We live in adjacent apartments or contiguous houses, and we do not even know the name of the citizen next door. In the same house, on its different stages, between the ground floor and the attic, the drama of human life may be enacted in all its phases from light comedy to dark tragedy and no onlookers sympathize in either mirth or woe. On one level, heart-broken parents may watch the receding life of their little child, its fluttering breaths growing fainter till the last sigh ends the pangs of earth and opens the gate of heaven; on another there may at the same hour be the blithe air of a festival, and guests may jest, and the bride don her fair attire. These are not extreme instances they are common and of every day occurrence.

Our cosmopolitan life has bred indifference. Relatives and intimate friends live at great distance from each other: the sociable running out and in of the village is impracticable, when one must put on her street gown and hat and ride several miles in a cable car before she can see her friend, who may have chosen that very day for an excursion of her own. From the necessities of the case, the custom of days at home has become imperative. We must select a time and let our friends know when and where they may be reasonably sure of finding us at home and at leisure to receive them. From the crowded and closely calculated quarters in which many of us reside another necessity has arisen, that of limiting the entertainment of guests who stay over night. We no longer have room for them, dear as they may be: the passing of the guest chamber in city homes is an evidence of the small expectation we have of gathering beloved visitors under our roof. Open-handed, open-hearted hospitality has been starved out in our towns; it still lingers most pleasantly in the country. There, in ample houses there is yet a spare room for the visitor, and if several visitors arrive, the daughters of the home do not hesitate to incommode themselves, that the friends may be suitably provided for. As elastic as india rubber are some country homes never too full to crowd in another guest. There are counties in the Virginia mountains and in the Carolinas and Tennessee where the latch string is loose for every

wayfarer, and where kindred and friends for hundreds of miles never think of putting up at an inn, so sure are they of a welcome and the sharing of cup and loaf in every house they pass on the road.

The country neighbors know all about one another and take an interest in the family happenings around the circuit. A piece of good fortune falling to any one, a legacy, a gift, the success of a distant son, the promotion of a child at school, the betrothal of a daughter, are pleasing incidents, repeated and rejoiced in by all the friends. Equally the sorrows of any single home are felt in homes far and near. People know one another, and knowing, they care.

It is because we do not know that we do not care, and the Gospel injunction to rejoice with them that do rejoice and to weep with them that weep, goes by us like an idle tale.

The village neighbors are quick to perform small acts of courtesy, to do errands, to loan and to borrow, and to smooth the daily path. A man going to town in the morning will carry a message or a letter. A woman shopping in the city considers it no burden to execute commissions for her neighbor. Beyond this I have known a lady ordered to Europe by her physician, and obliged to take an early steamer, and remain abroad a quarter of the year, her husband accompanying her, while her nearest neighbor opened her home to the little ones, four of them, with their nurse, and considered it only a pleasure to give the flock

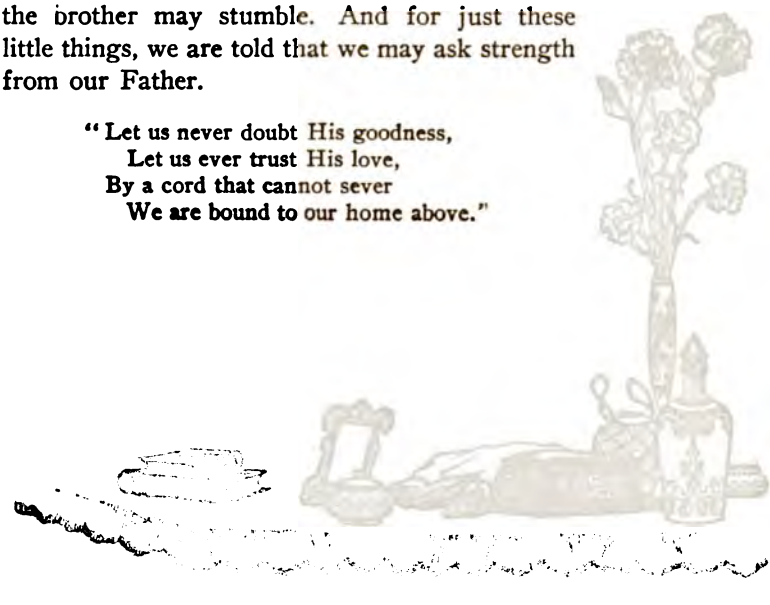
her motherly guiding and tender care till their parents returned.

The spirit of Christianity is a spirit of good neighborhood. Is it not one of the worth while things of life to so bear ourselves that we shall feel the strong impulse to the gentle and the generous deed, wherever we may be, so that nobody shall seem to us as a stranger and a foreigner, but as we can, we shall scatter seeds of kindness?

"Little things on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

To none of us may God give the opportunity to perform splendid and heroic deeds. Magnificent distinction may never be ours. But in the daily round there are ever innumerable chances to make our fellow beings happier, to remove pinpricks of annoyance, to lift the stone against which the brother may stumble. And for just these little things, we are told that we may ask strength from our Father.

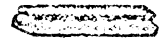
"Let us never doubt His goodness,
Let us ever trust His love,
By a cord that cannot sever
We are bound to our home above."



The dew is on the tender herb,
The mist is on the vale,
And dawn is breaking in the sky,
O glorious morn. All hail!

Bring blessings from the Lord of Life.
Bring joy to near and far,
The countless children of the earth,
Salute the morning star.

Part Three— Eventide



In the silent night, when the winds were quiet
And the steadfast stars were lit, I thought
I heard His voice.
It stilled within my soul, all conflict and all
riot,
And the Master's self it was who bade my
heart rejoice.
And oh! in darkest midnight if but the Lord
draw near,
The weary soul is strengthened, and the
thoughts are full of cheer.

Nineteen Middle Life and its Privileges

"From gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon."

TO every woman who lives beyond her youth there arrives a blissful period of calm weather when her age as counted by years is a matter of comparative indifference. She has friends on both sides of her latest birthday, girl friends who bring her their confidences, older friends with whom she is in touch, and other friends who like herself are on the middle way of life. At fifty the woman of to-day if her life has been ordinarily easy and her health good, looks much as her predecessor a generation ago did at thirty-five. Her complexion is still fine, thanks to fresh air and much bathing, massage has diminished the number of wrinkles, not that a sensible woman has any dread of them, her teeth are intact, her hair, though perhaps it be sprinkled with a dust of silver, is abundant and beautiful, and her figure is

round and full. She is debarred from no wholesome sport; tennis, boating, golf, walking, climbing are hers to enjoy as freely as ever before. She may go where she chooses unattended, and if a spinster, her independence is rather greater than that of her married sister, since her responsibilities are fewer, and her sphere of action may be very definite. An unmarried woman who is well-to-do, may travel, may stay at home, may engage in charitable work, may patronize movements for social improvement and in many ways may serve her generation. The woman of limited means may earn her own living without difficulty in many an honorable department, and the day has far gone by when the term old maid is a synonym of reproach. After middle age no lady need subject herself to the inconvenience and indignity of being a parasite; she has no occasion to dwell in the house of relatives who either resent her presence or avail themselves of it to obtain unpaid service at her hands. The modern system of flats in our city life accommodates women who wish to keep house, as they may procure a larger or a smaller apartment at their discretion, prepare their own meals if they wish, or procure them at restaurants, at a moderate price. A woman may live most comfortably with her maid, or several women may combine, share the cost of living, and have homes of elegance the more accentuated that simplicity usually characterizes the furnishings. Here they have a meas-

ure of luxury impossible to the woman who boards, they partake of the dignity of the householder whose position has a certain stability. In cities where art students, journalists, and wage-earning women congregate, it is often possible for a lady of middle age to open and preside over with motherly tact and sweetness, a real home in which younger women find safety, shelter and great enjoyment, when not occupied with their business cares. Professional women are on a footing of equality with men in their opportunities for winning laurels and wealth, and this is their hour of greatest ease and of the widely opened door, but as with men, youth in a doctor or a lawyer is discounted, and even the woman journalist is the more successful if she have left her girlhood behind her.

A middle aged woman may count with almost unerring certainty on a long course of even and seldom interrupted health, after the shoals and quicksands of a transition period are safely passed. Accident may occur to any one. Barring this, she should be able to arrange her work and her recreation without fear of the headaches, the languors, the occasional break-downs of her earlier days. With the knowledge now sown broadcast and the experience which has become her own, she should take full advantage of the gospel of rest. Every day she should go by herself if possible for an hour or two, choosing if she can the quietest interval in the morning or the afternoon, and

either sit still doing nothing, or lie still dreaming and drowsy, or, if she prefer, spend the time in reading a book which she enjoys but which makes no imperious demand on the intellectual powers. This rest time is not to be confused with the daily silent time which we all need for spiritual refreshment. To our hushed retreat in the closet, our study of God's word, and our communion with Heaven, we should bring the best of our strength, our fullest attention, our most concentrated thought, not insulting the blessed Lord by entering into the secret of His presence with a divided mind, nor with too jaded a heart.

A very delightful relation should exist between the middle-aged woman and her juniors. Young men may go to her and pay her any graceful attention they please, without fear of being misunderstood. And when Edith's caprices and Fanny's inexplicable coldness are torments to Jack he may pour his perplexity and his embarrassment into the ear of the youthful grandmother, or the crisply good natured old maid auntie who knows the world and comprehends girls, and she will be able to give him a clew to solve his puzzles and unravel his tangles. As the confidante of numerous love affairs she must be able to show that she can keep her own counsel and hold every secret she hears inviolate.

As a church worker the middle-aged woman bears the brunt of the heaviest burdens. Church fairs, entertainments of every kind, and the visit-

ing of strangers and the poor fall into the capable hands of the woman who does not mind hard work, and is sufficiently altruistic to sacrifice her personal convenience for the good of the church or the cause which she loves. Many a pastor has cause to thank God for the staff of unofficial assistants who are ever ready to supplement his labors, aid him in any department which needs help, and say the cordial word in season that wins attention to his wishes.

As for over burthened mothers with families taxing their time and strength it is to unattached and middle-aged sisters and friends they turn with the surest hope of obtaining relief from too pressing care. As frequently as of old are Aunt Mary and Cousin Martha sent for when the whole household is down with the measles at once, or the mother ill, and the nursery group in need of a guiding hand. And still in country neighborhoods and villages sequestered and remote the gentlewoman who has no bairns of her own but whose heart is motherly, may be relied upon in seasons of emergency to put her shoulder to the wheel.

The comeliness of middle-age is not like the wild rose flush of early youth, but it is less evanescent. As in autumn the flowers have a sturdier growth, and a more vivid depth of color than in spring, so in life's maturity woman's beauty is pronounced, and abiding. Now supremely in evidence, is the perfect charm of good breeding. Of a lovely middle-aged woman a young girl said, "When

she enters a room it seems as if she lighted it up." Socially she has an intimate acquaintance with conventions. She knows what one should do, and her *savoir faire* sets others at ease. Her voice, that unerring index of refinement has cadences that are sweet and tones that are low and clear. She does not lose her temper; she is always mistress of herself, and has her mood under control, and her impulses obey the dictates of her reason. Her privilege is to have all men and women love her, and to exercise a benignant sway in the world which is at her feet.

Freedom of Movement

"Cheerily, pilgrim, take the road,
God shall help thee to carry the load."

HEN Bunyan in his immortal allegory wished to show a woman at her best, and in the superb flower of development, able to lead, able to start on a long journey, able to take her children and her friends with her, and to be the central and controlling figure in a very remarkable group, he chose the matron Christiana. Her four lads, her young companion the maiden Mercy, her wonderful comrades on the road Mr. Greatheart, Mr. Valiant for Truth, and the others are all in a way accessories to the picture: it is she who stands through the centuries forever in the foreground. In the Interpreter's house, near the Enchanted Ground, on the Delectable Mountains up to the very river brink over which she steps fearlessly at last, Christiana is a peerless character.

In our younger years, few of us have a free foot. There are little ones to be thought of and

cared for, young people to be educated and started on their careers of usefulness. For perhaps a score of years the mother cannot be spared from home, her hands and heart are full. These years are often occupied with small struggles, and greater ones, with the securing of a foothold, the earning of a competency. Husband and wife together fight the battle and have little leisure to spare.

But all things come to her who waits. Some bright morning it is possible for mother to take a vacation. Filial love rejoices—the daughter looks after her wardrobe, sets the needed stitches in her new gown, sees that her new hat is as it should be, that her trunk is packed for a long and leisurely visit. She is a bit timid, for it is a great while since she felt free simply to enjoy herself, and to take no thought for any one else; her conscience protests a little, and she has to be persuaded that an outing will not only benefit her, but will be the greatest possible advantage to the others when she returns to them rejuvenated. At last her tickets are bought, her luggage is checked, she is seated on the train; she moves away.

Strange as the new freedom seems at first it is not long before she begins to enjoy it thoroughly. The years fall away from her as husks from an unfolding bud. She enters upon an Indian summer of rare delight, and is again almost girlish in her enthusiasm at seeing new places or renewing acquaintance with those once familiar. She is going

home to the old farm, to the old home, to father and mother who, will be so glad to have their Ida, their Alice, their Gertrude under their roof again. Everything at home will look just as it used to, the clock will stand in the same corner, the stove will shine with undimmed polish, the rag-carpet in the living room will be as bright as ever. She will open the old piano, and sigh a little that its chords have grown so thin and its melody so metalic. The old girls will come to see her, Betsy, Fanny, Hetty, with their blooming daughters and tall sons and husbands grown bald. They were young together, Hetty was her bridesmaid, Betsy helped to make her wedding gown. They are young together still, as they recall the pleasant associations of the past and take sunset council together in the present.

The middle-aged woman is the only one who can have just this sort of good time; serene as the meadow where the aftermath waves in the low descending sun is the tender landscape. She realizes not only how much pleasure she has had, but gathering new strength for the further journey, she forecasts useful and joyous years to be, as she stops at this milestone, the first visit home after many days.

She sometimes wends her way with her husband across the ocean to visit places which have been but names hitherto, places of old romance, of historic interest, of ancestral veneration. It is beautiful to watch these old lovers making their

pilgrimage to shrines at which they have long worshipped, with scarcely an expectation that they shall see them with their own eyes. They reap a larger harvest of pleasure than people do who go annually to London and Paris, and who look upon the Atlantic as little more than a six days' ferry.

At all events, to the elderly woman there is no lack of food for enthusiasm if she have energy enough for a new departure when wearied with the old scenes. She goes around the globe with less weariness than her great grandmother went from Boston to Virginia, or her English ancestress from London to Rome. For in these days, travel is luxury. Steam and electricity have made swift movement feasible, modern inventions have done everything possible to facilitate progress by land or sea, and the most apprehensive of novices will encounter in a long journey, no more hardships than she may meet in her home town, or in a little jaunt across her native country.

The camera has succeeded the pencil in recording the impressions of travel in picture, since it is so easily mastered by the amateur and good effects may be obtained by unskilled hands if directions are followed. One who can sketch will derive a greater pleasure from the exercise than the kodak can secure, yet the sun pictures are the truer and may be had in the greater variety. Among the after pleasures of travel are its recollections and souvenirs of places visited, odd curios, a scarf

from this out of the way spot, a clock from that, a carving from the other, a string of beads or a pressed flower, a bit of china or a quaint tapestry, shells, laces, whatever one may pick up, will remind when sitting by the home hearth of the long days out of doors, the strolling around strange and venerable cities, the wandering on alien shores.

Winsome Womanhood

Twenty-one New Studies

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh! my soul."

TAKING up new studies and freshening up old ones are among the most delightful privileges of the elderly woman. She must not fancy that she has passed the age when she can acquire a new language or solve a new problem because lack of use has temporarily lessened her facility. She will discover that her former joy in learning was only in abeyance, that ease of comprehension and retentiveness of memory will return so soon as she exercises her mental powers with daily recurring care. Especially if a woman choose may she hold fast to what she already has whether it be artistic, intellectual or manual accomplishment.

I know a woman well past seventy who though an amateur has the marvelous technique of a professional. She understands the science of music; she has an artistic acquaintance with the great composers, and her beautiful home is the resort of music lovers and of musicians. This serene gentlewoman has never laid aside her regular study,

she has practiced daily for sixty years; her music is not antiquated, nor her skill rusty. From time to time she adds to her repertoire and she is always an indefatigable student. Another and younger woman not yet more than middle-aged is mistress of several instruments and plays duets with her daughter and son with as light and sure a touch as when she was a girl she played with her sisters in a home where music was the central interest.

A beautiful and witty old lady who with her father first, and her husband later, both learned divines, had studied classic literature, was not daunted at the thought of attacking Hebrew when she was three score and ten. Her acquaintance with the golden flowing Greek had deepened her pleasures in studying her New Testament; she fancied that Hebrew at first hand might throw some illumination on the text of the Old Testament. At all events the difficulty allured her, and she valiantly set to work with a Jewish Rabbi to assist her when she reached a hard place. Her linguistic study was very rewarding to herself and robbed her of no charm, and she was a woman of exceeding charm to her very latest day.

My own opinion is that youthfulness of feeling is retained, as is youthfulness of appearance, by constant use of the intellect. Memory is a trustworthy servant so long as it is made to serve. One who should habitually learn text and formula by heart all the years of her life would find it as easy to continue the habit at sixty as at sixteen. The

pack horse memory does not rebel if always loaded.

One cannot err in having a choice of resources. When Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller had brought up her children and seen her youngest boy in college, she gave her attention to our little brothers of the air, the birds. She studied them in the parks and fields, coaxed them to come to her fearlessly, turned a room in her house into an aviary, took summer outings in places which the birds loved and frequented, and birds became to her not merely cheerful singers to enliven the morning and evening, but separate individualities, concerning whom she has written trustworthy books and given charming lectures. Hand in hand with her study of the ways of birds went her scientific study and so it came to pass that the motherly white haired woman with her beautiful and benignant face was sought everywhere, and her charm was the greater because she had a specialty in which she took her place with the noted naturalists of the day.

A farmer's wife in a lonely up country hamlet, worn with the drudgery and heartsick with the monotony of the weary dragging days, troubled as she saw her husband's shoulders bowed and his eyes dim with the everlasting struggle to win subsistence from the stony soil, bethought herself that she could best help him by being brighter and cheerier. But how could she climb out of her own

depression, which seemed to shut her in as the grey sea fog or the mountain mist settles down and cloaks meadow and valley in its mantle of grey. In a similar environment and in circumstances like hers women have lost their grip on life, and have been numbered among the insane. There are sad eyed women in hospitals for lunacy, who drifted into their chaos and mental loss and confusion simply through drudgery and loneliness. The work was there, and it had to be done. There was little change to break its tension, but our friend resolved to simplify it where she could and to spend what time she could snatch every day, all the year round, in the open air. She made it a religious duty to go into the sunshine and stay there morning by morning, though she had to go back to unswept floors and unwashed dishes. Then she sought among the pleasures of her girlhood and took up again the botanizing which had once been a resource, classifying the plants she found, seeking those she used to know and looking out for new ones. The result was an immediate and amazing gain in her health of body and a marked increase of cheerfulness in mind. She was toned and braced by Nature's cordials, air, sunlight, and an interest beyond her closed doors in Nature's open fields.

Her husband responded to the magnetism of her influence, things grew better with them, and they ceased to vegetate and to grow old and withered

and shrunken. Mind does dominate body. We are superior to the house in which we dwell. We arrest its decay, and keep ourselves, as its tenants in increased comfort, by living as it were above the lower floor. To spend one's whole life in the cellar or the kitchen, mentally, is most unprofitable; there should be every day a while when we sit in the drawing room or mentally as well as bodily stroll forth into the larger freedom of the world outside of us.

I recommend the study of current events to the middle-aged woman as profitable in several ways. We cannot afford in an age when change and movement are rapid, when God's hand is so evident in missionary progress, when barbarism and civilization are in antagonism deadly and irreconcilable, to cover our heads with a nun's hood or draw them into a shell; we must be aware of what is going on and this can be done only by spending time and thought and taking pains. The daily papers cannot be skimmed over by the student of affairs; they must be read methodically and thoughtfully and the foreign news mastered in its minute details. Wonderful times are these when history is making before our eyes, and the boundaries of nations constantly changing, when the kingdom of Him who shall yet reign triumphant over all the earth is striding on over the downfall of the nations who worship the false and who do not yet know the true. Well may we inform ourselves of the royal steps of our royal leader:

"The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar
Who follows in His train?"

No worthier pursuit can enlist our energies than the study of the coming King, the King for whom we watch and wait, who may in any bright dawning, in any clear evening return to His own and set every wrong right. Then shall the day break and all the shadows flee away.

Missionary Work

Twenty-two

"But one was out on the hills away
Far away from the gates of gold."

WORK for the home land, in other words, domestic missions, and work for the foreign field, which describes itself, are foremost in claiming the support of Christian women. The first includes the building of churches and parsonages as well as the establishment of Sunday Schools and preaching stations in frontier districts, in valleys remote from the railroad, in mining camps, and in localities where life is hemmed in by hardships and surrounded with temptations. On lonely cattle ranches, on great prairies, in tiny hamlets, the home missionary plants his flag. No life is more difficult than his, unless it be that of his brave wife, who for Christ's sake is willing to endure the privations and cares of a home in a dugout, or a cabin, helping her husband and his people and bringing up her children with a heroism that knows no weakness or complaint. No

lives are more fruitful for good than those of the home missionaries, working for the immense foreign population which streams across the ocean and the continent to found new homes in the West, and for our own boys and men who are finding careers there, as well as for the scattered tribes of the American Indians. We are derelict indeed if we shrink from or shirk our responsibility to the splendid cause of Home Missions.

Foreign missions this last year of the century have occupied a very large share of our attention. In the spring of 1900, there convened in New York a wonderful gathering of missionaries from all parts of the world, men and women in whose faces we looked with reverence, remembering how they had toiled for the Master in India, in Japan, in Corea, in China, in Australia, in the isles of the distant seas. As we listened to the story of their work, we pledged anew our devotion to our Lord, and consecrated ourselves with ardor to His kingdom and His service. Closely following on that grand assembly came the dark and fearful strife in China, when missionaries were menaced by the furious hate of the Boxers and many of them won the thorny crown of martyrdom. Almost in this mercenary age we had forgotten that to be a missionary meant if need were to be a martyr, and that in venturing among the vast hordes of the heathen, men and women took their lives in their hands. The courage, the devotion, the rare self-abnegation of the foreign missionary have never

had more radiant illustration than during these stormy days of the fierce uprising in China. Who that has breathlessly followed these strange and thrilling acts in the drama enacted in Northern China, has not been profoundly touched by the intensity of the missionaries' love for their people, the forgetfulness of themselves and their agonizing prayers that the Christian converts should be spared?

This is preeminently the age of missions, and the tokens are more and more, notwithstanding the prevalence of error, notwithstanding the mighty power of Satan, that the time approaches when every knee shall bow to our Lord and every tongue confess Him.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayers be made
And praises wait to crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice."

It is the high privilege of the Christian woman to aid in the triumphant march of our dear Lord, to give her money and her work and her prayers for the furtherance of missionary enterprise. Every denomination of Protestant Christendom has its Woman's Boards of Missions, Foreign and Domestic, and in every mission station at home and abroad there are orphanages, schools and colleges under their care and patronage.

The carrying on of the great work assumed by women in these departments is no light task, and they appeal urgently to those whose lifelong training in the administration of home affairs has fitted them for the wise management and the sympathetic cooperation which the mission work in the field asks for from the workers at home. Our mistake is too often to delegate the whole responsibility to the missionaries feeling that they are at the front and can cope with difficulties and solve problems as they are presented. Equally with them are we God's soldiers mustered for active service, and we cannot leave them to labor alone.

A woman, winsome, clear-headed, endowed with talent, with tact, with affluence, with love, with whatever God has given her to honor Him withal, should find in the Woman's Board of Missions of her own church a vineyard waiting to be tilled, a field of effort for herself. In addressing her sisters if hers be the gift of magnetic eloquence, in writing if she possess the art of expression with her pen, in giving if she have money, and above all in praying to Him whose ear is never deaf, she may identify herself with the Lord and His work in the world.

The poor ye have always with you, said the Master. Who can fail to see the throngs of little children in our great cities, children of the back alley, children of the crowded tenement, children of the German, the Italian, the Bohemian, the Russian, the Armenian peasant, children alien in tongue and in race, who are here with us, and who

are to grow into our body politic, become assimilated and homogeneous? For these children there is a tremendous work to be done. In our neighborhood settlement work, a field which more and more invites and enlists the interest of intelligent women, we come into vital touch with mothers and young girls, with the lads growing into manhood, with the factory worker, the saleswoman, and the operative, of one sort or another. Living in their midst, setting up in some gloomy street, thronged with its multitudinous families as a hive with bees, a clean, sweet, refined, beautiful Christian home, the settlement workers follow literally the example of the Master who came from Heaven and dwelt among men, giving them forevermore the object lesson of an unspotted life.

The plan of settlement work is, with some variations, the following. The home is established. A Head Resident Worker groups about her a number of others, who form a family. Some of these belong to the teaching faculty of the settlement; others simply live there, and incidentally assist in the work. There is a stated amount paid for board by those who come to study settlement work, or to remain temporarily or permanently as helpers. Salaries are paid out of the funds raised by direct contribution from the friends who stand back of the enterprise, to the Head Resident, and to one or two others, but most of the workers are self-supporting, and their work is a gratuity. Educational advantages in classes in language, arithmetic, geography, history, and other branches are

open to all who desire to improve themselves, and in a tenement district where the young women are all wage-earners and busy all day long, these evening classes are crowded, the students paying a small monthly fee; cooking, laundry work, typewriting, stenography, wood-carving and other arts requiring manual dexterity are among the most popular branches sought. A feature of most settlements is the self-governing club for young girls and children, officered by themselves, parliamentary in character and a charming social center. The club rallies the young women and supplies to them the pleasant intercourse which other girls find in society.

Settlement work has been largely ethical and philanthropic since its beginning. Latterly settlements are springing up which are strongly religious in tone, and aggressively Christian in type. These carry the gospel directly into the homes around them, devote much time to Bible study, and hold Jesus Christ up to the poor and suffering as a personal guide, waiting to be their Master and Friend.

Settlements may be already established in the place where my dear middle-aged friend is dwelling. If so, they beckon to her for her cooperation. If not, let her commence one; somebody must always take the initiative. Not much money is wanted at first. But there must be great faith, great pity, great hope, and much prayer.

The Young Women's Christian Association in its manifold phases of activity imperatively needs

the sisterly care and the judicious cooperation of women young only in heart. A grand work is this of women for women. There is room in its guild for the mother and her grown daughters, for the spinster, with her leisure and freedom, for the widow, in whose heart a lamp burns evermore in memory of her dead. Wide spreading is the beneficence of this associated work, reaching all our colleges, reaching our mills, reaching the young womanhood of the country, not shutting out any class of girls but welcoming and including all classes.

I have indicated thus briefly some of the channels in which Christian activity, energy and benevolence may flow, channels which seem meant for women who have just climbed to the sunny heights of life's afternoon and see before them a long stretch of happy fields, velvet smooth, and sweet with flowers in bloom.

A danger to be shunned is the attempt to do too much. For most women it is far better to concentrate than to diffuse their energies. One thing well done should be preferred to a dozen things half done. In whatever channel you select, there let the larger part of your activity be spent, and there give most heartily of your means, and lavishly of your time. Make it a rule not to let your name go where it signifies nothing. As patroness of a charitable enterprise, as manager on a board, as a helper of younger women, where your name is used let it stand for your personality. Too

amiably ready to do whatever they are asked, some women allow themselves to be placed in a false position, simply through their disinclination ever to say no. Women of wealth are importuned daily to contribute to this or the other cause; their mails are heavy with applications from persistent pleaders who cannot know what they are asking. They of all others, should cultivate independence; the freedom of giving where they choose, as to the Lord, and not as men dictate.

Never let any one of us forget that "the gift without the giver is bare." It is often an unthankful task to solicit funds for the missionary cause, for the hospital, for the asylum, for the settlement. We grow shy and sensitive, fancying that we observe a dread of us in our friend's manner, suspecting a coldness which probably does not exist, when we state our begging errand. Funds for colleges, for institutions of every variety, must be raised by personal solicitation and subscription, and it is somebody's duty to present a case, and if need be press it with courteous insistence, just as really as it is somebody's duty on the other hand to draw cheques and to give of his or her gold and silver to the Lord's cause. Neither asking nor giving will prosper unless preceded and accompanied by prayer, and no one who is so moved in any altruistic effort as to carry it to God and pray over it sincerely with faith unfeigned, will fail to give to it herself. "The gift without the giver is bare." But at the Mercy Seat one gives both.

Leisure Days

Twenty-three

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

GOD now and then gives us a Sabbath in the midst of our busy week. We have toiled too eagerly and too long. We have borne the burden and the heat. We have forgotten that to rest is as important as to strive. Little warnings have come to us, in the shape of pin-pricks of pain, in the throbbing head, in the clutch of neuralgia, in the sense of weariness and of giving out, reminders that we are mortal and that we cannot safely draw too heavily upon our physical and mental capital. These have been unheeded. Who does not know how impossible it seems to stop doing this or the other thing, to stop going here and there, to stop talking and looking and listening, and to step aside from the whirl and rush, into silence and repose? We sometimes need to be drawn into the hush of the desert, that there we may hear the still small voice of the Lord. And our desert is, it may be a sick chamber where arrest is for awhile laid on our stress and strain.

where suffering so absorbs us, that one set of our faculties is compelled to lie dormant, where convalescence at last brings us the leisure we scorned and flouted or sought in vain, in our days of health and activity.

We live in a restless, imperious and exciting age, when the swift movement carries us on as ships are borne in a freshet. The pace is tremendous, and the continual haste of the march so tells on our vitality, that we are no longer surprised or even shocked when death suddenly calls a halt and a friend drops at our side. Many a good man and good woman might live longer if he and she could but consent to live more slowly, to abridge the number of engagements, to attempt and perform less. Better to wear out than to rust out we cry, as if either were necessary.

Two temptations assail us on every hand, one to hurry, the other to worry, in this world of incomplete achievement and towering ambition. Overwork, hurry, worry; they write their deep lines on the brow. Their tell-tale marks are on our lips, and their mournful story lurks back of our weary eyes.

To the spent year after the fields have been reaped and the orchard fruits have been gathered, when the last clusters have been cut from the vine, and the red leaves float noiselessly down through the translucent air, there comes the beautiful Indian summer. Then to the trees, the meadows, the woods, the hills and vales is given the word of the

Master, " Peace be still." For a little while the sower goes not forth, nor does the plough pierce the furrow. The blue haze sun-filtered rests on the far off mountain, the brook sings a tender lullaby, the happy earth dreams of the summers past, and rejoices in the glory of fulfilment. Nature, the ever busy, the ever resting, is showing how large and bountiful she can be in her leisure days.

A message is here dear friends for us. If we have been too solicitous about money, too eager in pursuit of even a legitimate aim, too anxious about our dear ones and the unknown future, let us remember the lesson of the Indian summer. We may rest, and we may as we do so, remember the [illegible] of the right hand of the Most High. And

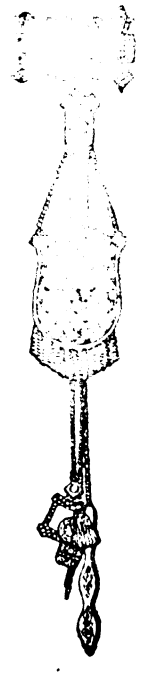
the son's; the realizing that the race is going on, that the name is to be carried forward, that another human being of her own flesh and blood is safe in the world. The tenderness of the grandparent is proverbial, and people who do not know and having no personal experience have no key to the knowledge are in the habit of saying that this is because she is past the age of discipline and has no direct responsibility in the bringing up and training of this second brood. I am sure that this is a mistake. She is sensitive to any fault in the little grandson, she has a high standard, and she wishes the small granddaughter to be held up to it, but she has often looked back to the days of her younger matronhood, and regretted, not her indulgence, but her severity. She is very much nearer

The Second Generation

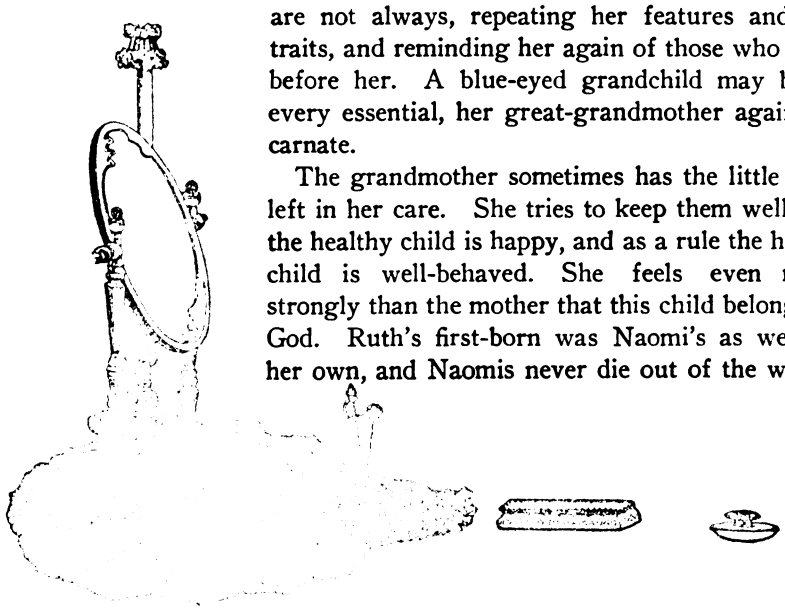
Twenty-four

"I pray the prayer of Plato old
God make thee beautiful within."

ONLY those who have had the supreme felicity of holding their grandchildren to their hearts, can fathom the gladness and the wonder, the bliss and the ecstacy of the experience. Mothers know the exquisite satisfaction, the deep rapture of the hour when the babe, snatched like a pearl from the sea of an unspeakable agony, lies safe in their arms, and they are wont to say that the thankfulness which follows the struggle, the peace succeeding the birth-throes, are sufficient to pay for every pang. A grandmother is twice a mother. As she waits for the coming of the child of her child, her expectation is threaded through and through with fear, as into a shining silver web may be twisted strands of gray. When the strife is over and the babe is born her gratitude is profound and unutterable, and mingled with it is the delight of seeing the daughter's child, or



the son's; the realizing that the race is going on, that the name is to be carried forward, that another human being of her own flesh and blood is safe in the world. The tenderness of the grandparent is proverbial, and people who do not know and having no personal experience have no key to the knowledge are in the habit of saying that this is because she is past the age of discipline and has no direct responsibility in the bringing up and training of this second brood. I am sure that this is a mistake. She is sensitive to any fault in the little grandson, she has a high standard, and she wishes the small granddaughter to be held up to it, but she has often looked back to the days of her younger matronhood, and regretted, not her indulgence, but her severity. She is very much nearer her grandchildren than she was to her children, and they are curiously hers, akin to her as her own are not always, repeating her features and her traits, and reminding her again of those who went before her. A blue-eyed grandchild may be in every essential, her great-grandmother again incarnate.



The grandmother sometimes has the little ones left in her care. She tries to keep them well, for the healthy child is happy, and as a rule the happy child is well-behaved. She feels even more strongly than the mother that this child belongs to God. Ruth's first-born was Naomi's as well as her own, and Naomis never die out of the world.

With Hannah of old, they may say, as she did of her Samuel, "For this child I prayed."

The intermediate generation may perhaps be something of a disappointment, may have fallen upon evil days and known bitter hardships. Then the grandparents build great hopes on the second. It will surely come into its inheritance, and retrieve its father's losses.

When school days arrive, and the boy is in the thick of school ambitions and school trials, and every little man encounters some adversity, it is to the grandmother that he goes for the pity which soothes and the love which compensates. She is not afraid that her open sympathy will make him a weakling, or her anger with those who are unjust to him, provoke him to any act of impulse or excess. She knows that love seldom hurts and that praise is as oil on life's troubled waters.

Happy beyond other children are those who have a grandmother's house to visit in vacations, who may frolic in an old homestead, rummage in the wide spaces of a great garret, full of mysterious shadows and interlaced with patches of sunlight. Happy are the children whose grandmother tells them Bible stories in the twilight, and teaches them the catechism and fills them with her own reverence for the Lord's Day.

Life has failed of something very precious, very dear, very abiding, if it does not last until one sees the second generation. A winsome girl is charm-

ing, a winsome matron is captivating, but the coronation of womanhood is laid on the brow of the winsome grandmother.

In a New England village a few years ago, there dwelt an elderly lady who was the adopted grandmother of a whole town. That is, she was the real grandmother of a little flock, but she was so sunny, so cheery, so overflowing with goodness that the children of others began to call her grandmother too, till the name clung to her. In her closet were stores of cookies and candies for little visitors; if any of the children were ill, she was sent for from far and near and helped their mothers nurse them. The young girl told her when she became engaged, and confided in her if she had a quarrel with her lover.

The young man who won a prize in a college contest telegraphed the news to her. The lad who was not promoted came sorrowfully to tell her about his failure and be comforted and encouraged to try again. Everybody, young and old, trusted this dear grandmother, and when one day, the word went from house to house that she was stricken down, that she was going away, the town was overhung by the weight of its impending calamity.

She died, or rather she was translated, for she was not, God having taken her home. Every shop in town put up its shutters. All the schools were closed. The children brought flowers to the house and walked in procession to the church, and little

faces filled it with the sincerity of their grief, when the beautiful grandmother was carried thence and laid to sleep in her lowly bed, where the first violets always bloomed and the roses made haste to shed their perfume, summer after summer.

She loved much, and she lived to bless the second generation.

A few summers ago two women, neither of them old, went on a journey together to a distant State. As is customary in America, they were everywhere treated with the courtesy which is by no means extended to women in all lands, a courtesy touched at once with deference and with gallantry; every unfamiliar way was smoothed for them, and wherever they went, they found genial welcome and kind hands outstretched. So they became a little spoiled, and were much amazed when, at a certain station in their pilgrimage they were somewhat curtly and rudely met, when a reasonable request was refused, and they were obliged to wage a little battle for their rights.

"Never mind," said the younger woman, with a smile, "that morose man does not dream that we are both grandmothers."

The Woman's Club

Twenty-five

"Strength and dignity are her clothing,
And she laugheth at the time to come."

WHEN a few years ago the Woman's Club was a novelty it encountered very general and strenuous opposition. If a lady was known as a club member it was suspected that she neglected her family, and her husband and children were scanned by curious eyes. Frayed collars and cuffs and an air of shabbiness were supposed to be the badges of the club woman's husband, while her boys and girls were, it was taken for granted, to be excused if their clothing was untidy and their behavior unmannerly.

Time has demonstrated the unfairness of this judgment. Occasionally a woman, finding in her club agreeable companionship and mental stimulus, has made the mistake of giving to it too much of her time, or fascinated by its attractions has yielded to the temptation to join several clubs. To fulfil the obligations of membership in more than

one club requires the sacrifice of more time than most women can spare. For the woman's club is not merely a place to which a woman resorts when she is weary, or when she has letters to write, or when she prefers dining away from home to dining there, nor has it any special political views, nor is it in any particular like the ordinary man's club. Few women's clubs are founded merely for amusement;— like the famous Mrs. Gilpin of whom it was said that

> "Though on pleasure she was bent
> She had a frugal mind;"

the conscientious woman takes up in her club a definite line of study, and reads with method and intention that she may be able to prepare or discuss essays on the subject under review. A large proportion of the Women's Clubs are purely literary, and the courses of reading outlined in club yearbooks and programmes constitute in frequent cases a veritable post-graduate curriculum. Clubs have been with some show of reason called schools for the middle-aged woman and they indeed furnish for her opportunity, emulation, and competition. Their friendly rivalry engenders no jealousies, and their steadfast outlook for improvement bars petty gossip and unworthy envy.

Musical clubs require and secure from their members a great deal of hard work, which is disciplinary and remunerative. Or, a club may exact research in natural science or may devote its

efforts to the comprehension of political economy. Some of the more prominent Women's clubs have done valiant work for charity, for prison reform, for the relief of the poor, for the beauty of the townships in which they live, the cleansing of the streets, and the building of model homes. As a rule, the Woman's Club owes its existence to a purpose of some sort and that purpose is not often one of recreation exclusively. As however recreation is legitimate, a social hour usually finishes the club meetings, when tea is brewed and simple refreshments are served, or if the club meeting be in the morning it may include a breakfast or luncheon. While working girls hold their clubs in the evening, the Woman's Club, as it belongs to the realm of society, is a daylight affair, forming a nucleus in villages and the smaller cities for all that is bright, clever and stimulating to heart and mind, in the comradeship it affords. Having outlived antagonism, ridicule and other forms of hostility, and aversion, the Woman's Club may be counted upon as, on the whole, a beneficent social force, and one to which thoughtful persons may give their support and confidence.

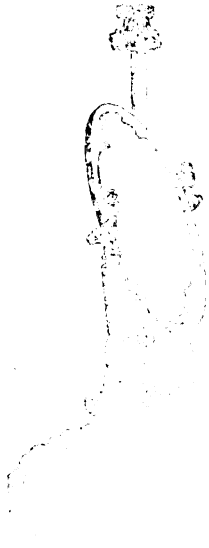
As the club is eminently social, existing for social purposes and conserving social movements of great importance, it should be pervaded by the presence of distinctly Christian women. It must need and attract them as well as others less pronounced as followers of Jesus. In a country which has such wonderful prosperity as ours, and where

wealth has become so general, if there is a leisure class at all, we must look for it among our women. Mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, there are those who have no cares as to ways and means, and these are not few nor far to seek.

The phrase, "society woman," conveys to many minds an impression of one devoted to pomps and vanities, and living almost exclusively for pleasure. The society woman is conspicuous, it is true, in philanthropies; she manages day nurseries and orphanages, she attends clubs and conventions, and takes part in congresses of mothers, and nobody disputes her talent for home administration. Nevertheless, she is vaguely supposed to care principally for dress, for display, and for the pride of life, and quiet matrons devoted to their families and the daily routine of their households sometimes survey her with criticism bordering on disfavor.

In this attitude there is, as those who know various types of society women are aware, a curious injustice. The most admirable wives, mothers and members of the community, the most charming and gracious spinsters, women on whose good sense and high principle their kindred and acquaintances confidently rest, are numbered in this class. That to some extent it is a leisure class, lifted by the possession of adequate means from sordid cares and grinding anxieties, gives it an advantage which the candid observer cannot fail to recognize.

The question has lately been asked whether the woman who is trying to live a definite and pronounced Christian life, who is seeking a deeper spirituality, can mingle with society people without losing her own peace, and detracting from her influence. A young girl invited to join a Browning circle in her town, a circle which included girls of her own age and standing, hesitated to accept because they were all devoted to society and outside the church. A lady, going to reside in a new home in a state remote from her former abode, was seriously advised to hold herself aloof from a certain literary club. "The members are without exception society women," she was gravely told. These two instances I choose from several which have come under my notice as indicative of a feeling that there is inherent and unconquerable opposition between society and the Christian woman.



To an unprejudiced mind, the fallacy on which this quite sincere feeling is based is evident. It goes back to that mistaken idea that renunciation *per se* is pleasing to God and that there is an essential difference in our daily living between the sacred and the secular.

But when we give ourselves to the Lord in full surrender we become wholly His, and there can be no hour of any day thenceforward which is not hallowed and no occupation which is not sacramental.

"Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,"

is the Christian's spontaneous prayer.

Nothing seems more unfortunate than the drawing of a dividing line in life; on one side of which are religious duties, on the other duties into which piety does not enter. All life is love, all life is faith, all life is joy, once the life is consecrated to the Master.

My point is that the Christian woman's place, because she is a Christian, is decidedly and most appropriately in society. Not in a spirit of Pharisaism, not in self-conscious virtue, should she join her friends in receptions, dinners, entertainments of one or another kind, but simply and freely, as of right, not of privilege, inviting them to her home, and like the sunbeam, entering theirs. She abates no jot of her royal distinction when she imitates her Divine Master in adding grace to the social scene.

There is a mission open to the Christian woman to-day to the mansions as to the tenements, to the rich as to the poor, to the educated as to the illiterate. All the aching hearts are not covered by threadbare raiment, all the sorrowful longings are not connected with meat and drink and dollars.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by"

and some of them are clothed in purple and fine linen, and dwell in sumptuously appointed homes.

The Christian woman should carry the Christ with her, as the lamp carries the flame, as the flower its perfume. Else is she sure she is really worthy the name she bears? Christ lives in His followers, they interpret Him. The light in their faces should be from the clear shining in their souls of the Master's blessed countenance. Her comings and goings should be lovely with the grace she gives. She should be fearless, sweet, considerate and welcome everywhere.

The Master will Himself give her the tact to keep silence when silence is wise and the courage for speech when speech is needful. Too often we overlook the fact that talk of our belief is less potential than the sight of the belief in operation in our lives. Being is everlastingly more influential than doing or than talking about deeds.

Opportunities will never be wanting in which the Christian woman can show her colors. We live in a time when the old respect for the Lord's Day has yielded to Continental ideas, so that in our larger towns at least the beautiful American Sabbath, once so dear and so honored, is generally profaned. The Christian woman may firmly and quietly make it known that she regards the Lord's Day as His, not hers, except as He gives it for higher uses than He means the six days to hold. It is His tender gift of rest and gladness;

she may show that she prizes it too highly to take it for mere social dissipation of its privileges.

She will have endless doors opening through which she may walk, doors of comfort, doors of counsel. She may insist on the reading of good books, and frown on those which are bad, and by her regular reading of the Bible and her regular attendance on church services, without other attempt to make her views known, she may do good service for the Master.

Her steadfast character, her freedom from discontent, her absence of care, the distinction born of communion with Heaven, will make her a purifying force in society which needs her, as it needs her Saviour. And society, out of its rich stores, may give the Christian woman gifts wherewith she may better serve the Master.

There is always the danger that the Christian woman may in her very sincerity and humility adopt mannerisms and forms of colloquial speech which are in the nature of a badge and lay her open to a charge of cant. She will do well to avoid these, to live among people of all sorts very simply and lovingly, her life epitomized in the familiar thought of the hymn which makes it our glad obligation,

"To serve the present age."

Winsome Womanhood

Filling the Measure to the Brim

Twenty-six

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

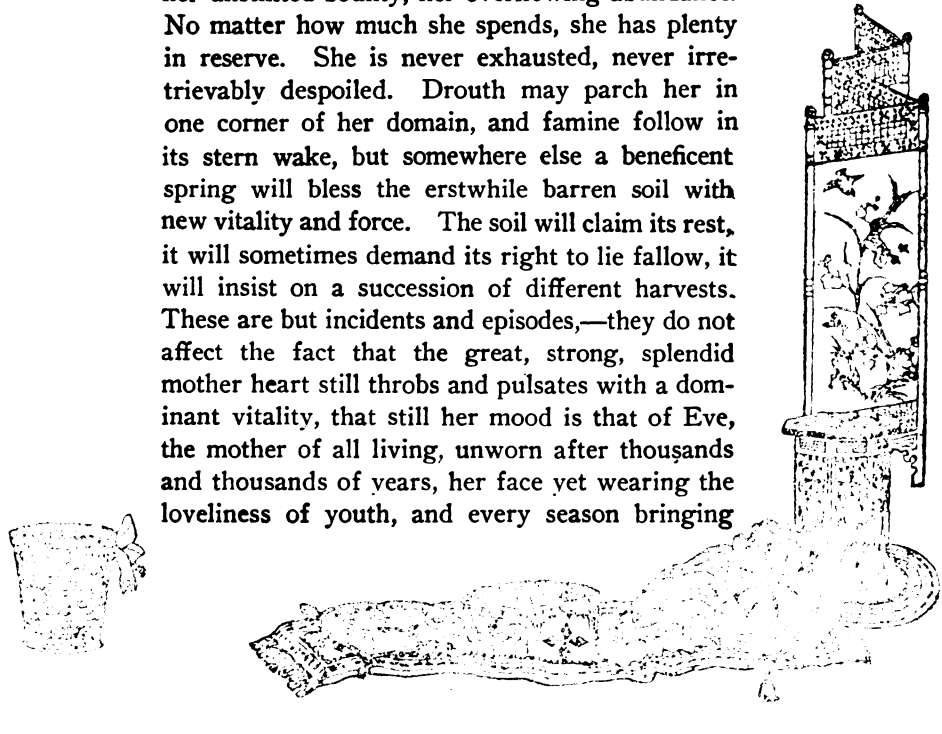
* * * *

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

HAVE been watching the gradual ripening of the fields, as the summer sun has poured its genial heat upon the grass, the oats, the rye, the buckwheat, and the corn. Day by day they have attained a sturdier growth, and taken on a richer coloring. From my window I see the green ranks of the corn, a royal array, an army with banners, and the rye, that was blue-green a little while ago is a pale gold as the filled ears wait the touch of the reaper. Over the meadow, sweet

scent is borne on the breezes, an attar of all the summer's perfume condensed into one delicious odor; the orchards are heavy with their burden of fruit, the hills and valleys, the shining rivers, the little dells where mosses grow, the glen full of shadowy nooks, the creek fringed with cardinal flowers, the pastures bordered with aster and golden-rod, the old stone wall wreathed with brier and vine, all tell the same story of nature's completed task, as she fills the measure to the brim, heaps it, presses it down, heaps it again, till it is piled high and brims over.

I am anew impressed with the wonderful productiveness and lavish generosity of Nature, with her unstinted bounty, her overflowing abundance. No matter how much she spends, she has plenty in reserve. She is never exhausted, never irretrievably despoiled. Drouth may parch her in one corner of her domain, and famine follow in its stern wake, but somewhere else a beneficent spring will bless the erstwhile barren soil with new vitality and force. The soil will claim its rest, it will sometimes demand its right to lie fallow, it will insist on a succession of different harvests. These are but incidents and episodes,—they do not affect the fact that the great, strong, splendid mother heart still throbs and pulsates with a dominant vitality, that still her mood is that of Eve, the mother of all living, unworn after thousands and thousands of years, her face yet wearing the loveliness of youth, and every season bringing



her some new charm. For Nature, like Love, is the synonym for giving and for service, and only in giving and in service, is youth kept unstained and unbroken, and life forever made desirable and remunerative.

Analogies are evident. The four seasons of the year typify our passing seasons, and after the period of the sowing, of preparation, of task-work for reward, arrives the season of fulfilment, when still we may give and we may serve, but our chief end shall be rather to glorify God, than to do aught for ourselves and our households, save as we glorify Him, by our diligence and faithfulness as we walk with them.

We may fill to the brim our daily cup with an expressed and unmeasured thankfulness. If ever we are tempted to look on the darker side of our experiences, it is a tonic to enumerate one by one our mercies, beginning with those which are personal, and which belong to the deeper inner experience; then including physical gifts, health of body, freedom from infirmity, ability to carry out plans without hampering restrictions, and proceeding from the center to the circumference, remembering our circumstances of ease, our power of influence, our homes, friends and dear ones. We are often almost embarrassed when we try to reckon the sum of the Lord's great goodness: it is amazing and past our finding out. We understand how such men as William Law found three hours daily not too long a space for prayer, how

John Knox and other mighty men of valor often spent the night in their communion with God, and knew not that it had gone till the dawn-light shone through the pane. In thankfulness alone we may fill the chalice of our days, till it reaches the overflow.

But our prayers must be more than ascriptions of praise, even more than confessions of our sin, and more than the plea of our want. We are workers with Christ, and with Him we may pray for the conversion of the world, for the other sheep whom also He must bring, until all the wanderers are safe in the fold, and His Kingdom is acknowledged the world around. Intercessory prayer includes our asking gifts and grace for our friends, by name, without periphery or poetic phrase, petitioning our God for good things and for His Spirit that John and Mary and Louise and Kenneth, may enter on the blessed life, and be able to renounce whatever is in opposition to it. Intercessory prayer may have its wider scope than this: it should reach forth and ask the sure and speedy redemption of the globe. With the life hidden from the sight of men, and grafted into that of the Son of God, we shall not fail to pray often, earnestly, and with faith for the furtherance of all God's work.

When our Lord was leaving His disciples, He told them that the Comforter would come and abide with them. The Comforter, working with us, dwelling in us, the Holy Ghost immanent in

temples of clay. Each of us may have the Holy Ghost; each should and must be possessed by Him, if our Christ-life is to be a whole, and not a fragmentary thing. For this gift of gifts, the consciousness with us of the Spirit, we should never cease to pray.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when Thou dwellest in a human soul,
All heaven's own sweetness is around it thrown."

Our life may seem to us incomplete, and unsatisfactory; perhaps it is well that we should not be too complacent over our small successes, just as we must not be too depressed by our occasional failures. We have only to do the best that we can, and trust our dear Lord for all the rest, that they whom we meet may be the stronger and the braver for contact with us.

A good rule for those of us who are not able to go out into the midst of the world's conflict, is just that old English motto "Doe the nexte thynge." The next thing may be lying patiently on the couch of the Shut-In, or it may be teaching a child the alphabet, or threading the needles for the grandmother whose eyes are too dim to let her do it for herself. It may be letting your sister read the book about which everyone is talking, while you wait your turn bye and bye; it may be repressing the hasty exclamation which you will

repent as soon as it is uttered. Perhaps the next thing for you is to sit with a neighbor's sick baby while she lies down to rest, or to relieve a toiling servant of some kitchen drudgery on the day that her head aches and her pallid cheek shows that she is human like the rest of us. Whatever the next thing be, take hold of it If it is activity, endure it, if it is passivity, with a whole-hearted desire to keep nothing back, to fill up love's measure of service and giving to the very topmost brim.

Among those who, being physically weak, have triumphed over this obstacle and done brave service for the world, are such authors as Elizabeth Browning and Christina Rosetti and Robert Louis Stevenson. Though in one or another form physical weakness and persistent maladies assailed them, these heroic souls put the body under, and uncomplainingly wrought at their tasks.

In a thousand homes there are those to whom God has given no unusual dower of talent, no extraordinary opportunity, but only the commonplace occasion, and the mediocre skill and facility, who yet may glorify Him by their amiability, their winsomeness, and the conscience they bring to every hour. A pretty Eastern legend tells of an angel sent forth from God on an errand to King Solomon in the midst of his royal pomp, and also to "a little yellow ant," toiling home to her people with her burden on her back. The angel went as cheerfully to the ant as to the monarch, nor

thought the one errand less important than the other. So should we undertake whatever God sends us out to do, as to the Lord.

"Oh, peace that passeth knowledge, oh, love exceeding great,
God grant me grace to serve Him well, even in my low estate,
God fill me with His blessed peace, that floweth like the sea,
God make me know His wondrous love in all its mystery."

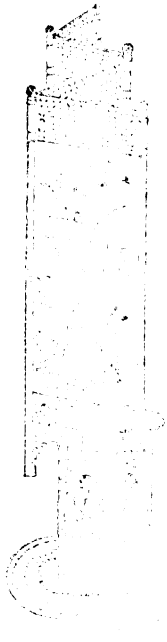
"Show me Thy face, the heaviest cross
Will then be light to bear,
There will be gain in every loss
And peace with every care.

With such swift feet the years will glide
My life seem brief as blest,
Till I have laid my burden down
And entered into rest."

Part Four— The Rounded Life

A vision of the homeland,
A waft from that fair shore,
A breath from those sweet regions
Where pain and death are o'er.

And lo! we tread unfearing
The rough and thorny way.
We praise Thee, King Eternal,
For the gate that opes the day.



RESIGNATION.

No sheaf have I, no grain to bring
This day unto my Lord, the King.
My acres are but barren lands,
Yet in the dusk of pain and loss,
I creep the closer to the cross
And cling thereto, with empty hands.

Winsome Womanhood

Twenty-seven

Consistency & Kindred Virtues

"The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us, when we
Dare not come nigh to Him."

FOR many years a favorite volume lay always near my hand, and I read over and over the story of some quiet lives which passed in almost ideal tranquillity in a beautiful English rectory. There came one day a rough and sudden disillusion which I shall never cease to regret, when a later chapter was added to these memoirs, and by its illumination, I saw that there had been shoals and reefs in the current of those lives, of which the initial book had given no glimpse. These softly spoken, well-bred and sincerely pious gentlewomen had been bigoted to the point of cruelty, severe and bitter in some phases of life, and unjust as well as unkind to a little child dependent on them for love and care. The conclusion at which I arrive in their case, and in that of some other noted persons whose biogra-

phies are part of the wealth of the literary world, is that many good people, both men and women, fail in reaching symmetry of character. One portion of the life is like a well watered garden, flourishing and fragrant. Another is parched and arid, a wilderness overrun by bramble and brier. We sometimes find strange contradictions in the same woman. She may be generous, charitable, and full of loving kindness and yet show on one side of her nature, a parsimony which is blighting to every liberal act and tender impulse. She may be open and candid, spontaneous and free of heart and speech, yet have reserves of an exceeding caution in an unsuspected corner of her soul. The rounded character, symmetrical, equally developed, looking Godward for daily sustenance, looking manward that it may impart daily cheer, is so gracious, so benignant and so elevated, that she who possesses it, easily takes first rank among women as a queen in her own right, and commands our love and respect wherever we meet her.

No station has a monopoly of this exalted type of character. The laundress toiling at her tubs, the servant in her kitchen, the mother in her nursery, the teacher in her schoolroom, and the princess in her palace, may each illustrate it if only each live the inward life with Jesus Christ, and the outward life, which His disciple may lead, dwelling in the light of His countenance. "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them,"

said the Master, he it is that loveth Me, and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him. Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto Him, Lord what is come to pass that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." In Mrs. Prentiss's wonderful classic "Stepping Heavenward," she drew the picture of a very fascinating heroine. Her Katy began as a lovable, impulsive, rather obstinate and self-willed girl, one with many excellent qualities and not a few defects, a girl as trying to her friends as she was puzzling to herself, but as she developed in the Christian life the faults were overcome, the virtues were strengthened, and the result was a character of rare sweetness and symmetry. For every one of us it is a comforting reflection that we do not and cannot stand still. We are modified by our associations, by our studies, by our varying experiences, and as the sculptor molds the yielding clay, so life molds us, little by little, bit by bit, while the years go on. For Life substitute God, and the word will be truer, and then in this character-making, let it come home to us, that we are fellow-workers with God. As Dr. Holland puts it in a striking stanza,

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.

We are greatly forwarded in our effort to reach completeness of character, by a recognition of our own insufficiency. Self complacency is fatal to progress. Only let one be convinced that she needs no improvement and colleges and universities shall wrestle in her behalf in vain. That is a most unfortunate mental attitude which is entirely satisfied with present attainments, and which regards one's self as necessarily beyond criticism. A just estimate of one's powers is very different from an exaggerated admiration of them, for justice sees where there are short-comings and imperfections, acknowledging them that they may be remedied. Every educator has felt despair in dealing with pupils whose vanity interposed a barrier against effort, and who could not learn because they would not receive.

Of a noted royal family in Europe it was pithily said that they never learned and never forgot anything. The seeds of their downfall were sown in this haughtily indifferent temper which perceived only one side of a question, and was blind to every other aspect. Probably those who are most uniformly inconsistent, are least aware of it, through the withering influence of self-love.

A great step is gained when we are convinced of our own want. "Oh, would some power the giftie gie us, to see oursells as others see us,"

cries the poet, but the disciples of Christ may add to it, to see ourselves as Jesus sees us, and this insight granted, how soon would inconsistency be vanquished. Dean Goulburn in his talks in Personal Religion makes the point that in prayer the Christian should specially ask for help where the besetting sin has made a weak place for the assaults of the enemy. Our prayers should be specific rather than general, and we should be on our guard and seek assistance in whatever direction our characters are most likely to prove inadequate in emergency.

William Law, whose quaint words were often as arrows well aimed, in writing of a certain inconsistent professor, said, "Fervidus is a regular man and exact in the duties of religion, but then the greatness of his zeal to be doing things that he cannot makes him overlook those little ways of doing good which are every day in his power. Fervidus is only sorry that he is not in holy orders, and that his life is not spent in a business the most desirable of all things in the world. But—Fervidus, if you desire in earnest to devote yourself to the salvation of others, why are you not doing all that you can in the state that you are now in? Why do you show no concern for the souls of your servants? If they do the business for which you hired them, you never trouble your head about their Christianity."

It is to be feared that three-fourths of the inconsistent among Christian people do not sus-

pect the failing, and would resent the indictment as unjust if it were made.

Some of us make the mistake, not of too strenuous a belief in ourselves but of too slight a conviction of our possibilities. One may be too humble though perhaps never too meek. Modesty may in its last estate from a lovely flower become an encumbering weed.

We honor neither our Lord nor ourselves when we sit aside, fearing to assert a just claim, and allowing others to usurp a place where we might suitably serve, simply because of our diffidence and fear. I can fancy many an unsuccessful toiler who loses where winning were feasible, simply through inability to make a proper estimate of his own powers. Merchants have a custom at intervals of taking stock, and in the careful inventory, everything is set down, all the goods in hand, all the available assets. Why should we not do the same thing with our own talents, our equipment for the race, our preparation for a world of fierce competitions and resolute aggressiveness?

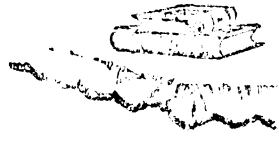
And when we do take stock of ourselves let us fairly estimate our advantages as well as our handicaps. Modesty, I repeat, is a beautiful grace, and lowliness of mind is a virtue, but the one may degenerate into timidity and the other into inefficiency, and then they belong to the excrescences in character which deserve the knife of extirpation.

Many traits which we discover in our mental make-up are due to the influence of heredity. A great grandfather who was excessively cautious may forge fetters for a descendant whose imperative need is boldness. An over-sanguine mother may send her children forward at a pace which must end in many a stumble. We derive and cannot help deriving our prominent characteristics from our blood. To come of godly ancestry, to be the "child of parents passed into the skies," is therefore a very desirable inheritance, and none of us should fail to be thankful, if we can look back on a line of God-fearing, God-serving forbears. The mother may look on her little child and say gravely and thankfully,

"My laddie, oh, my laddie, I am wistful as I clasp
Your dimpled hand within my own and think how many men
Gone far from earth and memory, beyond our mortal grasp,
Are living and are breathing, dear child in you again.

The line of Flemish weavers, who were stout and tough as steel,
The brave old Holland gentlemen, called "Beggars of the Sea,"
The coiled and wimpled Puritans sweet maids and matrons leal,
Who poured their weakness and their strength in the blood of you and me.

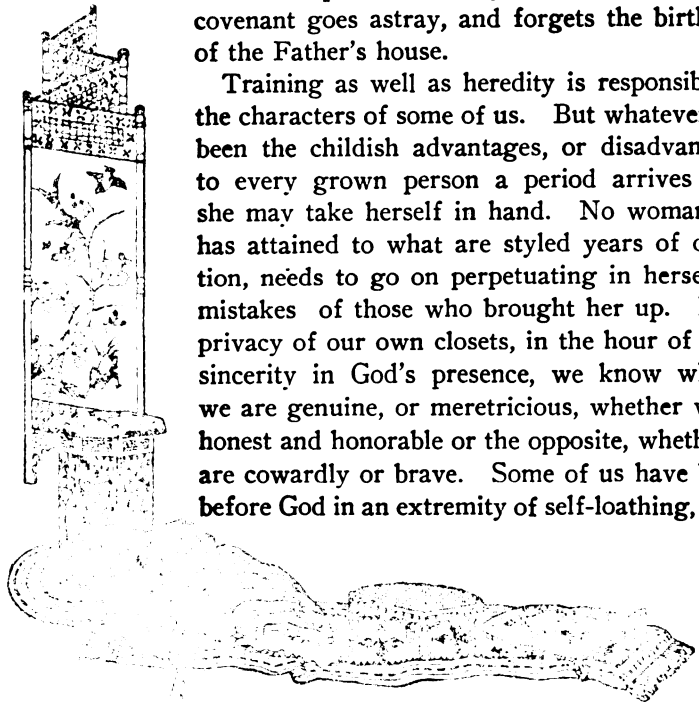
My laddie of the golden hair, there stand at God's right hand
His Saints who went through blood and flame, the yeomen of our line;



And there are Seraphs singing in the glorious better land
Whose heart-beats kept, while here on earth, the pace of yours and mine.

Kneel, little laddie at my side, there's no defence like this,
An evening prayer in childish trust, and let him scoff who may,—
A daily prayer to God above, a gentle mother's kiss,
Will keep my little laddie safe, however long the day."

It seems not too much to expect of one who is well-born in the sense of belonging to the lineage of the saints, that he or she shall preserve the distinctive features of the family. There is a curious and pitiful anomaly when a child of the covenant goes astray, and forgets the birthright of the Father's house.

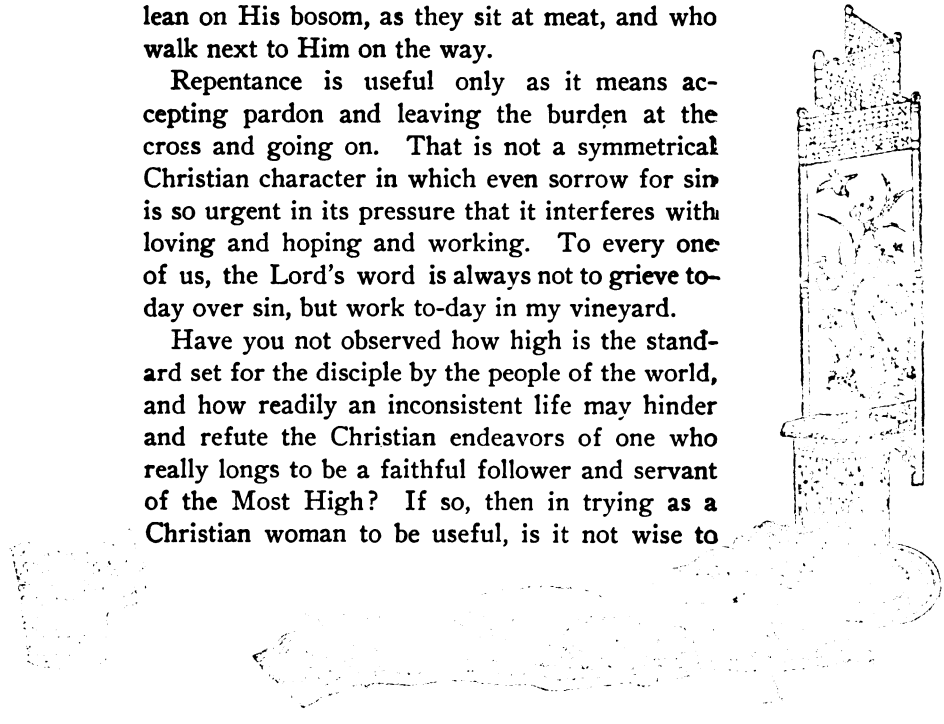


Training as well as heredity is responsible for the characters of some of us. But whatever have been the childish advantages, or disadvantages, to every grown person a period arrives when she may take herself in hand. No woman who has attained to what are styled years of discretion, needs to go on perpetuating in herself the mistakes of those who brought her up. In the privacy of our own closets, in the hour of naked sincerity in God's presence, we know whether we are genuine, or meretricious, whether we are honest and honorable or the opposite, whether we are cowardly or brave. Some of us have bowed before God in an extremity of self-loathing, realiz-

ing how far we have failed of reaching the beautiful ideal which shines before us, when we attempt the imitation of Christ. To repent in dust and ashes is not a mere figure of speech in the experience of those who are fain to follow the Master, yet who continually drop out of the ranks, and are laggards in the rear. If any Christian live, who has not often occasion to repent misuse of talents or neglect of opportunities, and who has not often to lament unfaithfulness, such an one has cause for gratitude unspeakable, for the life of consistent holiness or wholeness, can be lived only by those who keep ever very close to the Master. There are still those who lean on His bosom, as they sit at meat, and who walk next to Him on the way.

Repentance is useful only as it means accepting pardon and leaving the burden at the cross and going on. That is not a symmetrical Christian character in which even sorrow for sin is so urgent in its pressure that it interferes with loving and hoping and working. To every one of us, the Lord's word is always not to grieve today over sin, but work to-day in my vineyard.

Have you not observed how high is the standard set for the disciple by the people of the world, and how readily an inconsistent life may hinder and refute the Christian endeavors of one who really longs to be a faithful follower and servant of the Most High? If so, then in trying as a Christian woman to be useful, is it not wise to



demand of one's self the highest style of Christian living? Can one of us afford, in her youth, in her noonday, in her eventide to live less than the full-rounded life? shall we not exact each for herself the sort of service which we need not be ashamed to offer the King?

What would be the outcome in the individual case of this vigilance of care, this sensitiveness to wrong? Would it not make us reluctant by any wilful lapse, by any sinful lack, to hurt the one we love best? If we were naturally disposed to be censorious would it not check the hasty word and repress the unkind comment? Could we cherish anger or malevolence, if we were always desiring to be in touch with the loving Lord? Would we persistently look on the dark side of other people's conduct and attribute to them mean and sordid motives, if we were overflowing with charity and gentleness, so that the bright side were uppermost in our mental vision?

A woman sometimes undertakes an important piece of work. She knows that it will occupy her time and attention for months and years, but she grudges no labor, she spares no pains, in an undertaking which she means to carry out from inception to finish, without shirking a difficulty or slighting a detail. It may be only a piece of embroidery; plain white linen as the foundation, and over it, stitch by stitch, leaf by leaf, vine tendril, stem, bud, flower, garland, the lovely pattern grows. Her needle is to her as his brush to the

artist and the fair picture she paints is as truly worthy to be an heirloom as that which may glow on his canvas. The result after a faithful period of diligent and conscientious toil is a tribute to the value of taking pains. Herein is a symbol, for in character making too, everything turns on conscience, labor, and fidelity.

There is a prayer of St. Augustine's which fits wonderfully into our modern needs. "Blessed are all thy saints, my God and King, who have travelled over the tempestuous sea of mortality, and have at last made the desired port of peace and felicity. Oh, cast a gracious eye upon us who are still in our dangerous voyage. Remember and succor us in our distress and think on them that lie exposed to the rough storms of troubles and temptations. Strengthen our weakness that we may do valiantly in this spiritual war; help us against our own negligence and cowardice, and defend us from the treachery of our unfaithful hearts. We are exceedingly frail and indisposed to every virtuous and gallant undertaking. Grant O Lord that we may bring our vessel safe to shore, unto our desired haven. Amen."

Life's Little Things

Twenty-eight

"If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all, we find
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice."

WOMAN'S life is concerned with a multitude of apparent trifles. In the old days, she dwelt in the shadow of the tent, emerging now and then to sit under an oak tree and give motherly counsel, to glean after the reapers and gather a plentiful store, or to efface by her energy and wisdom the consequences of a husband's penurious greed. She dwelt in the shadow of the tent but then as ever since, her hand was potential, and her advice was sought and followed. Woman's part in the Twentieth Century will be what it has always been, notwithstanding her larger share in public enterprises, and her greater place in the foreground. She must reign in the home, and the home, thank God, is forever the tent of repose, the tabernacle of refuge, the shelter from the world's wild fury,

and the heart's haven of delight. No household however simple is cared for and ruled to the comfort and convenience of its members, except by wife, mother, sister or daughter, by one who does not despise little things, and who gives them their due importance in the scheme of living. Ask your neighbor who goes forth to business, in the morning, having breakfasted, and kissed the children, and lingered for a last caress and God-speed from his wife, whether he could undertake what she daily carries on, and, if he be a fair-minded and observing man, he will say at once, "Why no. All the machinery of domestic life which moves so smoothly and with so little friction is altogether out of my province. I understand my work at the office, and I can do that, but to manage the problem of three meals a day, to keep the kitchen calm and the drawing-room bright, to watch the ways of the children, to make their clothing and mend it, to entertain visitors, and write letters, and keep in touch with the doings of the hour, and attend to the thousand and one small affairs which mean so much and make so little show, would be entirely beyond me." This is the conclusion of the fair minded husband and father, and he is by no means exceptional. The exceptional man is the one who fails to notice and prize what his wife does in the daily round. The routine of petty service cannot be evaded or avoided, because it is foundational, and on it is erected the edifice of the enduring home.

Occasionally, we women grow weary of this life in the shadow of the tent. We say, To what end is the sewing, the sweeping, the cooking, the calling, the spending of all this small change? We long for the wider sphere, for life in the open, for the breaking of the fetters which after all are to most of us blessed and dear, and of divine appointment. The mood is an unworthy one, for the service of the home, though on the surface it seem obscure, is really as compared with any other just as that of the priests in the outer court compared with the High Priest's function when he entered the Holy of Holies. In this world of wars and commotions, the one Holy of Holies where God is pleased to abide is the home, and there may be His shrine and His altar as nowhere else.

As yet in the world's history, no woman has taken commanding rank among the great creative artists, among the magnificent generals, among the mighty composers. Woman's work has been in the shadow of the tent. She has been the helpmeet of man, and the mother of the race. Her office has been one of serene and incessant ministry. While the great historian has delved among dusty archives, she has cooked his dinner, and ensphered him with silences, so that he might work in peace. While he has written oratorios the musician's wife has played accompaniments, nursed babies and darned stockings. The great physician, deft of hand, keen of eye, stern in his

very gentleness, and tender in his severity, performs the surgical operation which skirts the very edge of life that it may save. The woman, self-controlled, obedient, loving, wise, unspeakably sweet and patient, does the nursing through slow days and tedious nights when the doctor's task is ended. Women continually do beautiful things, write musical and helpful verse, weave enchanting romances, almost monopolize the tremendous responsibility of teaching and training the young, but they are content to leave the hewing and dredging and pioneering and hard marching to the men. They are still, in the immense majority, where the Lord ordained them to be, in the happy shadow of the tent.

"Mistress Anne Page?" says Shakspeare, "she has brown hair and speaks small like a woman."

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown?"

When woman is spoken of in conversation or described in a story, the impulse tends to mentioning her hair and eyes, and her soft voice and witchery of manner. She is the priestess of those rites of daily harmony and melody which make the world worth living in, and fill its retired ways with gladness, and light altar flames on every hill and kindle fires on every lowly hearth.

Let no one despise the vocation to which women so willingly listen as they are called to fulfil its duties. The diamond, sparkling and irides-

cent is a tiny thing, but its worth equals that of tons of common stone. Far up in the towers of lofty cathedrals there are mosaics of infinite price, and rock that is carved with the intricacy of lace. Few mortal eyes see the amazing result of a prodigality of minute toil, but the recording angel did not fail to chronicle the worker's name and God knows it. In remote recesses of the mountains, almost inaccessible to the boldest climbers, there are spots of surpassing beauty, and flowers lift up their sweet faces to the sun, as if they bloomed in a King's garden. The work which is out of sight may not be regarded with contempt or disdain, for God acknowledges and cares for it, and holds those who perform it, in high esteem.

If ever the temptation comes to scorn the little things, and to scorn one's self because one's evident obligation lies among them, let us recall how minutely and with what repetition of detail, the Lord gave the direction for the Tabernacle and the temple in the ancient dispensation. Nothing was too small for God to think of, bell, and pomegranate and lily work and fine twined linen, each bit of ornament was in His thought. And, still fighting with that subtle desire to minify the little things, let us recall again our Saviour's word, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Yet one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father? Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?"

In the life of Thomas Arnold, that famous

Head Master of Rugby who set his seal upon so many influential Englishmen and almost molded a whole generation, there occurs a very suggestive passage. He is writing, after her death, of a dear sister who had long been an invalid, "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind; intense love almost to the annihilation of selfishness, a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child, but of herself save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness wholly thoughtless, enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's with the keenest relish, inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise though never leaving her crib nor changing her posture, and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's spirit's glorious work."

Could there be a more impressive example than this of the power of womanhood as exhibited in the constant overcoming of pain, and the doing the little things which alone lie within the invalid's reach.

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew!"

It still falls on all who hear of its invincible strength and uncomplaining resignation.

> " Weak souls there are who little dream
> Their daily life an angel's theme,
> Or that the rod they bear so calm
> In heaven may be a martyr's palm."

Among the little things in which we may help one another, are some so small that we are apt to overlook their existence. I know a young girl whose opportunities for cheering others are re-

new patterns; to her who likes change, she may bring invitations out to tea in a home circle. Endless are the little rills of blessing which a consecrated heart may set flowing to refresh desolate lives.

I know a young woman who is greatly beloved in the town where she resides, yet she gives little in money to relieve want, and her talents are of the domestic order, so that she goes seldom from her fireside. I asked one day why the whole community seemed so to cherish Miss Katharine and the reply was significant, " She always has time to listen. If anybody is anxious about her boy who is straying from straight paths, she goes and talks the whole matter over with Miss Katharine. If two people dispute they bring the trouble to her to settle. If one of the ladies at the Home is unhappy she tells Miss Katharine all about it. The beautiful thing is that she is never in a hurry and she looks and

drives herself, glides smoothly over park roads and along country lanes, would sometimes confer a great pleasure on a friend who rarely enters a carriage, if she thought of it. She is accustomed to her luxuries and they do not seem extraordinary to her, yet, the little act of kindness which should lend the horses for a morning to a tired woman with a fretful baby would be almost angelic.

There is real grace in the lending of a book, unasked, in the passing along of a magazine or a newspaper while it is fresh and new, to an acquaintance whose means will not permit her to subscribe for it. "I make more haste than I would to read the ———," said a thoughtful Lady Bountiful, "for after I have finished it, I send it to Aunt Patty in the country, and she in turn mails it to a home missionary, and after that it finally goes to a reading room in a mining town."

Every large city has its contingent of homesick young people, boys and girls who are earning their living in positions far from their parents and their old neighbors. They are clerks, stenographers, apprentices, or if not actually in business they are students of medicine, law, art or theology, and however closely engaged they may be during the six days of labor, the day of rest emphasizes their loneliness. It is very lonely to be solitary amid a throng. One dear woman, lately gone home, always filled her pew in church

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Here is an open secret. To be sympathetic, to be cordial, to be gracious, to be unhurried. One who has mastered this art, has herself sat at the feet of the Master. She has learned to sing

"The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever."

The King of love! Ah, when He utterly takes possession of any soul, that soul finds time, not for the great things only, but for all the little things of life. That soul is prompted always to a fine courtesy, to a thoughtful consideration, to a winsome unselfishness, and the path along which Jesus leads it, is fragrant with the flowers that never fade.

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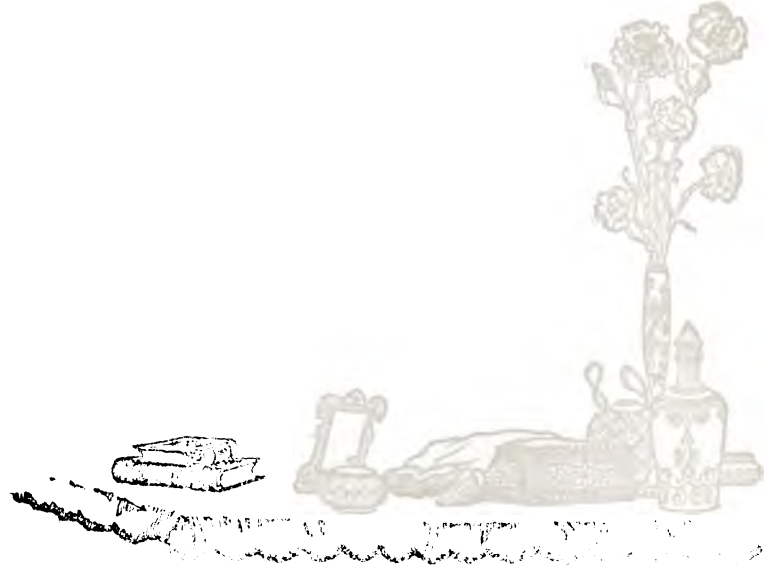


Enthusiasm and Sympathy

Twenty-nine

"The bliss of quick obedince
To His low-whispered will,
The bliss of holy idleness
When He shall bid, stand still."

ENTHUSIASM is a divine possession. Our mortal clay, filled with the presence of the Lord, becomes translucent; our laggard movements, feeling the impulse of heavenly energy, are swift and glad as those of the angels. Without enthusiasm, no earthly work ever goes bravely, no battle is ever won, no forward steps are taken.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,"

is a song of victory, for it is a song of enthusiasm. When enthusiasm flames we see beacon fires on every hill top. We are conscious of reinforcements on the way, the land of great distances,

PURITY.

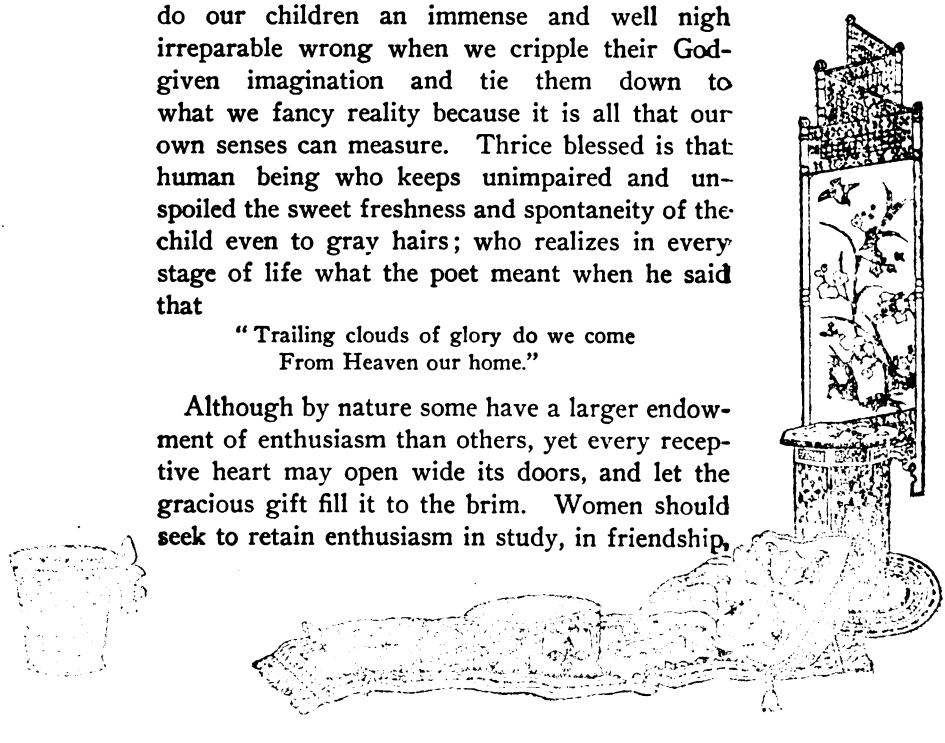
As white as these white lilies,
As pure and sweet within,
Christ, make the souls who kneel to Thee,
Thy pardoning grace to win!
And to Thy palaces of peace,
Lord, lead them, free from sin.

the dear Jerusalem that is above, gives us of her glory while yet we struggle through the lowlands, and fight the desperate conflict with Satan and sin. Without the ardor and courage born of a noble enthusiasm, we plod along, stubbornly perhaps but slowly, and are as an army corps feeble and disheartened, and fainting in its tracks.

The capacity for enthusiasm is larger or smaller according to temperament and to the degree in which the lofty faculty of imagination has been cultivated. An extremely literal and prosaic soul, with cramped imagination, is as the mole and the bat; it gropes where another soars, it rises uncertainly, where another flies toward the sun. We do our children an immense and well nigh irreparable wrong when we cripple their God-given imagination and tie them down to what we fancy reality because it is all that our own senses can measure. Thrice blessed is that human being who keeps unimpaired and unspoiled the sweet freshness and spontaneity of the child even to gray hairs; who realizes in every stage of life what the poet meant when he said that

> "Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From Heaven our home."

Although by nature some have a larger endowment of enthusiasm than others, yet every receptive heart may open wide its doors, and let the gracious gift fill it to the brim. Women should seek to retain enthusiasm in study, in friendship,



in travel, in work, for as they hold it or lose it, so they hold or lose that which they justly regard as most precious, youth and charm. Only when one is so old that she can no longer rise up at the voice of the bird, that she can no longer be stirred to emulation or joy or thrilled and elated at good tidings, or moved to exultant hope, or awakened to warm desire, are the fires of enthusiasm forever dead.

In no sadder meaning does the fashion of this world pass away than in just this, when there are ashes where the embers yet should glow, where there is a cold hearth where the handful of live coals should give warmth and signify hospitality.

Because she cannot help herself, the woman, who lacks enthusiasm is a veritable wet blanket on the cheer of others. Automatically she chills the eager girl whose plans are radiant with hope, who fears neither rebuff nor defeat, and is disposed to undertake any enterprise however arduous. The forlorn hopes of the ages have been carried forward to victory by the young, and the great world conquests have been possible because generals and staff officers and drummers and buglers and the rank and file have had the daring of youth and the spur of enthusiasm. Never check this quality in exercise. Thank God for it, rather, and accept it as a manifestation of God in humanity.

Enthusiasm and sympathy are of kindred stuff

and can seldom be divorced. An unsympathetic woman is out of tune with the universe. She gives an impression of sweet bells jangled and discordant.

In a very noble passage, Ruskin, whom we cannot do better than study, exclaims, "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy."

"But," the great master of English prose poetry proceeds to say, "it is little to say of a woman that she only does not destroy where she passes. You have heard it said that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them." A home in which a woman has queendom, as every woman has whether she will or not, yet has neither sympathy nor tact will always be a barren spot. There you will find no roses blooming, nor lilies lifting pure faces to the sunshine."

The children of a certain well-ordered most respectable and most honorable family have grown up without exception in narrowness, coldness, and cast-iron selfishness. They seem incapable of generosity though their integrity is unimpeachable. On inquiry it is discovered that their mother was a woman of mediocre powers, undemonstrative manner and self-absorbed nature, a woman devoted to the main chance, and limiting her conception of that to this perishing world.

Effect has simply succeeded to cause by a law as unerring as the force of gravitation.

The children of another home are distinguished for a high-bred kindness and gentleness which is extended to all with whom they have relations. They are loyal to old family friends. They treat with an exceeding courtesy the lowly and the poor; they are daunted by no sacrifice if they can give wise help to any good cause which needs a lift; they are benefactors not only by the dispensing of tangible alms, but by their uniform joyousness and cheer which is effervescent and contagious. *Their* mother was one who lived above the world, who early trained them in the conviction of stewardship, to whom heaven was a reality, and Christ Jesus a living inspiration, and in them too, cause inevitably has produced effect.

Among the high privileges of womanhood that peculiar one of offering encouragement to the timid, and strength to the wavering and weak must always be prized. In the Middle Ages, the knight went to tourney and battlefield wearing his lady's favor on his sleeve. He trod down his enemies, rescued the oppressed and assisted the defenceless for his lady's sake. She, in her bower at home, waited and prayed for her lord, or she sat among a throng of interested spectators and watched him in the lists, knowing that he would do and dare most splendidly when she was looking on. The contests of to-day are different from but not less arduous than those of an

older time; the arena is strewn with the vanquished; the victors still owe everything to the smile and the glance of the women they love.

In a very homely and commonplace way, to drop metaphor, may we women cheer and help the men of our own circles. First and most benignly by caring about what they do, and what they are, not affecting to care, but genuinely caring. The child rushing in from school, calls for "Mamma" and is only satisfied when she answers from her room, always the children's paradise, "Here I am Darling." The older young people, returning from the pleasures or the business engagements of the day, think of Mother as they run up the steps and turn the latch-key, and the Father and Husband needs wife and daughters too, and his home-going when the cares of the day are over is sweetened by the anticipation of meeting them again. A deep gulf is fixed in a certain aspect between business and home life, but in another the two almost touch, and all day long the home, if its influence has been true and strong, has armed the man against temptation, fortified his courage, shielded him from evil and helped him to stand for the best, to be liberal, to be just, to be charitable. "This way Papa dear," I heard a young girl's voice call the other day, and "This way, Husband, Son, Father," the voice of the good and the beloved is always calling, inviting the feet to turn into the paths of righteousness. A woman's province is to help,—

a woman's prerogative is to lead, a woman's duty is to beckon those over whom she has influence along and up in the lines of life where the Master's benediction rests. "It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. The woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man in his rough work in the open world must encounter all peril and trial, often he must be wounded and subdued, often misled and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house as ruled by her need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home, it is the place of peace, the shelter from all injury not only but from all terror, doubt and division. Roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in a stormy sea."

A familiar and tender lyric of Whittier, emphasizes one side of feminine sympathy, where the little lad at school has missed, and his companion spelling correctly has taken his place. Do you know the little red school house, hard by the

road, to which the sturdy pupils come from homes tucked away out of sight under the trees, or nestled under the shoulder of a windy hill.

"Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low above a brow
Where pride and shame were mingled

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,' the brown eyes lower fell,
'Because, you see, I love you.'"

A dear little genre picture this, and it carries with it a thought of lovely meaning. Boy and girl are man and woman in embyro. The woman may not "go above" the man, except and unless she give him consolation, sympathy, and comprehension, and these are to him the daily bread, which she, true loaf giver, evermore must break.

The fountain of all sympathy is Jesus our Lord. We may go to Him, as to an inexhaustible well, ever drawing, never knowing disappointment, but always receiving refreshment and health. Too often we keep on depending on ourselves, on our own shallow streams, which, unfed by celestial sources soon run dry. Surely part of the daily prayer should be that we may remain large enough and loving enough to care for objects outside of ourselves, that we may keep the freshness of the child-heart and its springing enthusiasm over small pleasures, and new discoveries; that we may live in other lives, not exclusively in our own.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side."

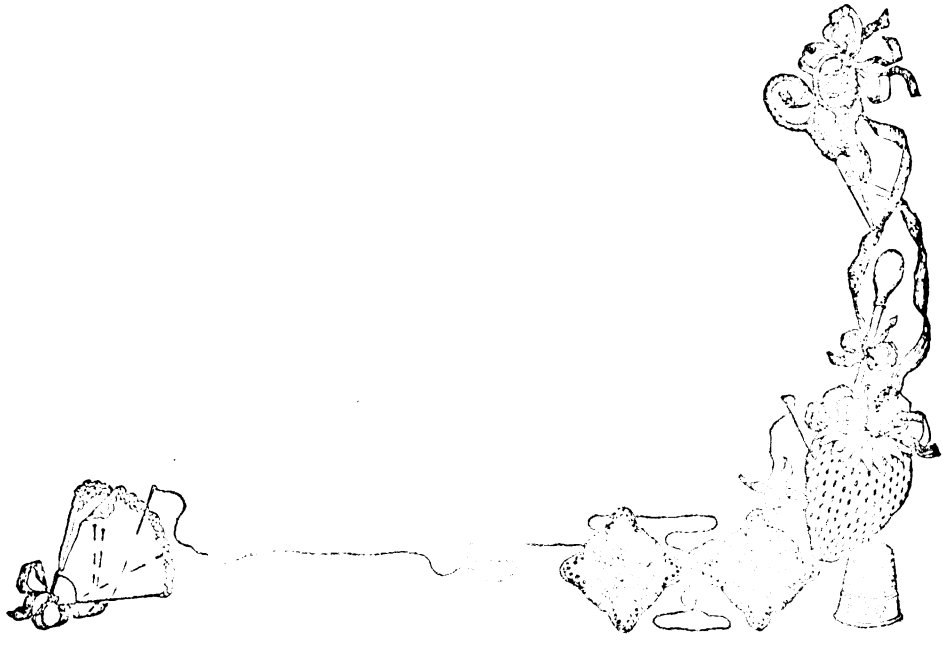
Is there diadem, as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him
What hath He at last?
" Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me nay?
" Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, " Yes."



Mistress and Maid

Thirty

"She has written her little letter
It will carry over the sea
Messages full of yearning
To the cot where her loved ones be."

N what we usually call the servant question, in these days of rapidly changing economic conditions, the last word will not soon be said. The situation bristles with difficulties, and a relation which might be ideally agreeable and mutually rewarding is so often one either of armed neutrality or of open antagonism, that it remains an insoluble problem in uncounted households.

As an employer, the Christian woman requires, what she does not always possess, a knowledge of business principles and a readiness on her own part to conform to them. The old feudal theory of service ought to be relegated to the shades of antiquity. For the sake of convenience the name servant should not be dropped, but far from being

regarded as a badge of inferiority, it should be considered honorable and dignified, the title of a working occupation which can be adequately filled only by intelligent and self-respecting persons. The servants in a home enter into its innermost recesses, and, except when they are frequently changed, become part and parcel of its very life. Much of the family history they know, many of its confidences fall into their keeping, and much of its peace depends upon their energy, ability and loyalty.

Yet they are to be engaged as a merchant engages his clerks, a contractor his workmen, for stipulated duties at definite wages. The routine of most families makes it as yet impracticable for their service to fall within the limits of fixed hours, but over against that disadvantage may be set the balancing weight of less exacting labor while it lasts, of many little rests during the day, and of frequent change of task. The factory operative for instance in these days of piece-work and of specializing, does one thing over and over with wearisome iteration and monotony all day long and every day in the week, while her friend who works in a kitchen or is waitress, chamber-maid, or parlor-maid, has a number of things to do, each in itself interesting, and all tending in a way that she can see, to the well-being and satisfaction of those who employ her.

In factory towns, and wherever there is opportunity for young women to find self-supporting

work outside of the domestic sphere, many shun service. This is not because the latter is poorly paid, as, in addition to a fairly high rate of wages due weekly or monthly, the home stipend includes board and lodging, this implying a table as varied and abundant as that of the family itself, a pleasant room with good ventilation and adequate bathing facilities, and a comfortable and luxurious bed. Few families provide for the maid servant any thing which falls short of real comfort in the matter of the maid's room. The saleswoman, standing all day behind her counter, and the factory operative at her loom, have a larger sum in hand at the end of a week, but when it is depleted by the cost of board and lodging it shrinks to smaller dimensions. But the mistress has not in a majority of cases learned how to free her servant from burdensome restrictions. Certain clauses in the agreement denominated privileges guarantee the maid her afternoons out. Usually every other Sabbath afternoon and an afternoon in the middle of every other week. Often the young woman or the older one has no liberty beyond this. She is expected to be on duty from early in the morning until late at night, and to ask permission whenever she wishes to go out, as if she were a child. Her evenings are her employer's, not her own, and the imperious social craving of her nature for company of her own set, for the visits of cousin, brother or sweetheart, are often coldly denied,

the mistress loathing the thought of society below stairs.

Much of the trouble existent would be simplified, if it were in the bond that after a fixed hour at night, unless from imperative occasion, the maid should not be called on for service, and if as well, she were allowed a measure of license as to her comings and goings, with the understanding that these should not interfere with hours for meals, nor with the performance of her work. Duties clearly defined, the mistress should insist on their fulfilment. The lax mistress is never appreciated, nor does she receive the support accorded to her who is a good administrator, and to some extent a martinet.

Women are not mere machines. They are compounded of flesh and blood, of bones, sinews and nerves. They have backs and feet and heads that ache, whether they be employer or employed. The women in service are usually young unmarried girls, and in addition to the business side of their contract, they have an unformulated, unwritten claim on the motherhood and sisterhood of the women they serve. There is no reason against and every reason for making the relation between maid and mistress one of genuine friendliness. We may go very far afield before we find mission ground equal to that which lies close by us in our own kitchens; we may search the wide world round to discover women more in need of the loving look, the gentle tone, the

word of encouragement than just these who toil for us in the background, building the morning fire, making the coffee, scrubbing the floor, and relieving us of the drudgery which underlies the fair edifice of our family life.

Naturally the majority of women to whom manual labor appeals have not been to college. Nor have they lain on the roses and slept on the lilies. They come from the untaught and poorly taught classes of the community, they bristle with the sensitive pride of poverty, and they are the slaves of bigotry and prejudice.

Alien in religion, alien in blood, with few things in common with their employers, their womanhood is still the same, for as Kipling somewhat coarsely puts it,

> "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins."

The peasantry of the old world has sent its daughters from peat bog, mountain hamlet and lonely farm to find remunerative employment with us, while the last decade has witnessed an exodus from the Southern states of the soft-voiced, conscienceless and unutterably slack and shiftless children of the negro, which brings home mission work to our doors. Hosts of these young women are homesick. The homes they have left tug at their heart-strings. They often work very hard that they may relieve want which they left behind them, and every outgoing

steamer carries its gold back to the toiling father and mother and the little sisters and brothers, who are unforgotten by the exile, whose letters are watched for with eagerness, and to whom with infinite painstaking she often writes.

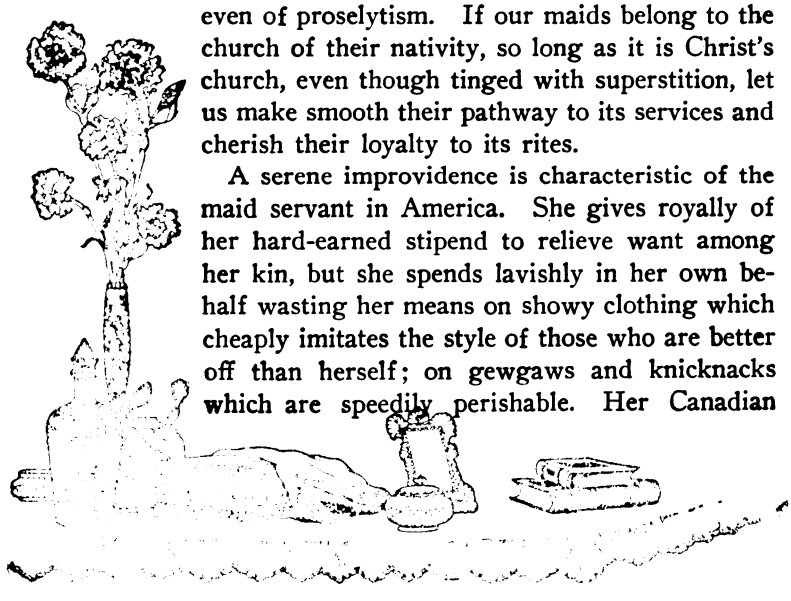
We are inexorably bound up in one bundle in this world. Invisible chains pass under the sea and hold us by their subtle fastenings to our brothers and sisters on the other side. Still more firmly are we knit together when our servants have their people in our own towns. Pursuing the policy of indifference, or still worse, of veiled hostility, and knowing absolutely nothing of their troubles, their relatives, or their environment, we may expose our nearest and dearest to dangers which we might with ease have escaped. Diphtheria and scarlet fever may creep to the magnificent avenue palace from the slum where the cook's nieces are bringing up a sickly brood, or the avenue baby, supposed to be enjoying an outing in the breezy park may be pent up for hours in a stuffy tenement kitchen, taken to her own home by an unscrupulous nurse whose stupidity and cunning are equally matched.

That is a beautiful relation where religion binds the whole family so that children, guests and servants kneel around the family altar and share the family devotions. In Christian homes abroad the servants as a matter of course come in to prayers. Here they are left outside our daily worship, nor, as a rule are they remembered spe-

cifically, in their absence, by the leader. They are to thousands of us, of no more actual value than are kitchen appliances and are less thought of than the horses which draw our carriages and the cows which give us milk.

Until this state of affairs is succeeded by something better, by something more womanly and more Christian, the servant problem will continue to be a disturbing element in our lives. Its phases are many. Its solution cannot be reached without love, altruism, and prayer.

We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. We that are educated ought to suffer with patience the shortcomings of the illiterate. We that are Christian ought with ceaseless pity and ceaseless hope to endeavor to bring those who know not our Lord to His feet. Nor should we do this in a spirit of superiority or even of proselytism. If our maids belong to the church of their nativity, so long as it is Christ's church, even though tinged with superstition, let us make smooth their pathway to its services and cherish their loyalty to its rites.



A serene improvidence is characteristic of the maid servant in America. She gives royally of her hard-earned stipend to relieve want among her kin, but she spends lavishly in her own behalf wasting her means on showy clothing which cheaply imitates the style of those who are better off than herself; on gewgaws and knicknacks which are speedily perishable. Her Canadian

sister does not pursue this silly and wasteful plan. She apparently knows more of the thrift of judicious spending and understands more the necessity for self-denial and saving. Perhaps the trend of life in the parlor is toward wastefulness and show. If so, the kitchen will not be slow to imitate it.

One obligation of the mistress is patent, and that, to enjoin on the maid the absolute duty of making provision for the rainy day of illness or old age. She should counsel her to save, and advise her as to the best bank for her savings, or their safest investment. She should take an interest in her life, to this end, knowing what claims are legitimately pressing upon her, and guarding her from pillage by unscrupulous or indolent people who demand something from her open hand and warm heart.

If love come as why should it not to the unmarried woman serving within her gates, does it not seem appropriate that the mistress, an older woman, equipped by experience to give advice and counsel, should at least throw around her maid the ordinary safeguards which hedge in her daughter from peril, and give her the protection of a home for her courtship. There is nothing improper in the maid's receiving her lover or her fiancé at suitable intervals and hours in the house where she works, which is her home. It is entirely improper for her to meet him by stealth on a street corner, or surreptitiously to

admit him and by subterfuges conceal his presence, when his visits are forbidden. An employer can usually ascertain whether the character and prospects of her maid's suitor are such as warrant for her a hope of security and contentment in marriage, and she should as carefully seek to be acquainted with these, as she would, were it her daughter and not her servant, whose hand was sought.

Training schools in domestic science are sending forth their graduates who will enter service with a better preparation than formerly was given to young women in this department, and for such service, higher wages will ungrudgingly be paid. Many years must however elapse before these schools will appreciably affect our general domestic life. We must still take the raw material as it reaches our doors and manipulate it with care and pains until it is a serviceable product. The house mistress must know a good deal of housekeeping and must be enduring forbearing and vicarious, until her helpers are evolved from her willing but confused and bewildered hinderers.

Warm-hearted, quick-tempered, blundering, home-sick, the new servant, just come over as the phrase is, may be transformed into a mainstay for the family, or by rough handling and small patience, be sent out as an Ishmaelite and a derelict to deal distress wherever she goes.

I would suggest to women that in all fairness

they should tell the truth when giving to servants the customary written certificates of character. These are often insincere and misleading documents which slur over important defects, and make statements as to competence and efficiency which have no foundation in fact. Amiability should not lead a gentlewoman into the mazes of falsehood. As things now are, most of us accept a written recommendation from a stranger with very decided hesitancy and doubt, and we discount its generalities from the memory of past disappointments. A reform is needed in this particular. As householders, as fellow members of the community and as Christians we should tell the truth and only the truth in writing what is technically called the "character" of the maid.

This Beautiful World

"Our earth is radiant as a bride
In broidered garments drest,
God's glory shineth like a gem
Upon her happy breast."

THIS beautiful world! This joyous life! I wonder if we are as happy and light of heart as we ought to be, we children dwelling even here in our Father's house. Most of us need, after youth is past, to cultivate a mood

somnia, or some other malady, which clutches us with the grip of Giant Despair. Repeated sorrows, disappointments and bereavements may have dimmed the lightsome disposition, and bowed us with gloom and made us prematurely grave. Or, we may be too introspective, and looking constantly on ourselves instead of Jesus, we may be discouraged and oppressed. Whatever the cause, the duty in every life, is to fight against the foe, to strive for the mastery, to waken morning by morning, and sleep night by night, God's happy children in His beautiful world.

For, notice first, the joys far outnumber the sorrows. Though the latter come in groups on occasion, they are exceptional, and whether occurring singly or together, they are offset by a long procession of calm and halcyon days, weeks, months and years, years which the Psalmist had in mind when he said, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

There's but the meagre crust, Love,
  There's but the measured cup;
On scanty fare we breakfast,
  On scanty fare we sup.
Yet be not thou discouraged
  Nor falter on the way,
Since Wealth is for a life, Love,
  And Want is for a day.

Our shelter oft is rude, Love,
  We feel the chilling dew,
And shiver in the darkness,
  Though steadfast stars shine through.

Yet shall we reach our palace
And there in gladness stay,
Since Home is for a life, Love,
And Travel for a day.

The heart may sometimes ache, Love,
The eyes grow dim with tears;
Slow glide the hours of sorrow,
Slow beats the pulse of fears
Yet patience with the evil
For though the good delay,
Still, Joy is for a life, Love,
And Pain is for a day.

Let us take the comfort of the fact that trials are occasional, and happiness is the rule. Let us further be impressed with the fact that grief should keep itself in quarantine, and rigidly refrain from communicating itself to others. There are sacred crises in experience when hearts and households are hushed under the shadow of a brooding grief. There is no home but has its vacant chair. But, once we have shed our tears, and wept at the new-made grave, we are to cultivate the thought not of death, but of immortality, not of loss as it sweeps over us, but of gain as it has accrued to our dear ones. We are to arise and gird ourselves, and go on from strength to strength in the blessed Name of our conquering Master. We sometimes feel a curious jealousy of the living who remain with us, as we yearn for the departed who have gone beyond our vision, and we feel as if we were defrauding our lost dear ones of their rights, of the honor that is

their due, when without them we enter again into the work and cheer of this beautiful world, but in this we are mistaken. Bravely and blithely, we are to go on, and our unselfish duty is to keep our grief in the background, and contribute to the gladness and not to the gloom of our comrades on the road. This is not pagan philosophy, it is Christian faith.

Note, again, dear hearts, that we are to have an invincible trust in our gracious Saviour, in every hour of temporal need. Are we in poverty? We are to ask the Lord to send us bread and roof and raiment. Are we in anxiety? We are to tell Him and leave the solicitude at His feet. Do we desire work, a position, a place among the world's busy toilers? Jesus can help us and will. In every possible transitory temporal want, all Heaven is pledged to the Christian's relief.

And yet again, when we are encumbered by a clinging sense of sin, when we realize as in moments of soul candor we do, how unworthy we are, and how weak before temptation, we are not to dwell on this, but rather on the abundant and pardoning mercy, the favor to the ill-deserving of our gracious God. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Beloved, now are we the sons of God. He that believeth hath everlasting life. In this assurance well may we rejoice and be glad. When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

It is a beautiful world and our little life that is rounded at last with a soft and gentle sleep is from beginning to end, a bit of God's life, lent to us. As God in Christ tells us that we must be like the little children, and as one sweet thing in the little children is that they play so often and so long, let us not feel that only gravity and sobriety become us; let us rest in the sunshine, and through all vicissitude and in every experience, ask for gayety, courage, and assurance, for the ability to sing, to smile, and to walk with uplifted heads, always expecting at any hour of need as the beautiful Heidelberg Catechism puts it our Lord to come from the skies, for our help and defence.

To bluest skies that arch the way
I lift my thankful eyes to-day.
The sunlight pours a golden tide
O'er airy forests, green and wide;
Pure odors drift the morning through,
And God has led me hitherto.

Sweet flower perfumes thrill the air
As if from censers swung at prayer;
And sweeter fragrance fills my life,
With all my Father's goodness rife;
He gives me roses after rue
And He hath kept me hitherto.

What bliss to take His guiding hand
To trust, if not to understand;
To rest through change and toil and tears
On Him whose grand eternal years
In ever living youth are new
And cry, "He leads me hitherto."

WAITING.

To every one there dawneth
The day ordained of fate,
When one can only fold her hands,
Can only sit and wait,
And hope makes good her pledges
To such, or soon, or late.

Waiting for the Angels

Thirty-two

" Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea."

FROM the beginning to the end of our journey we children of God are attended and accompanied by an invisible host, sent forth to minister unto us, God's own angels, who without haste and without rest accomplish His errands. The Book is full of the rustling of their wings, of the echoes of their golden harps. To Abraham at the tent door they brought the word sent straight from heaven. Jacob, his head pillowed on a stone, had a vision of comfort as he saw them ascending and descending between two worlds. To the man tempted, to the man disheartened, to the man called to do great deeds, to the man in the beleaguered city, came now a single angel, and again a mighty host of angels, rank upon rank, shining, strong, magnificent,

panoplied in the armor of the Most High God. When God's servant was in the den of lions an angel shut their mouths. When God's saints were in the furnace, an angel like unto the Son of Man walked with them there, and they had no hurt.

The Old Testament was closed. With the singing of the angels over Bethlehem the New Dispensation was ushered in. Our Lord was welcomed to the manger by a choir of seraphim.

Angels were ever attent to do the bidding of our Master during His earthly ministry, and after His resurrection they were the first to announce the fact to the grieving disciples who had not believed His assurance that He had power to lay down His life and to take it again. And, we who wait and pray and long for His coming in great glory, a Victor and a King, to right all wrongs, to banish sin, to make this old world an Eden once more, remember how, when He ascended and a cloud received Him out of their sight, angelic messengers said to the disciples "Why stand ye here gazing into heaven? This same Jesus shall come again."

Many a time from our youth up in our times of need the angels have been sent for our strengthening. Many a time they have brought us healing; they have whispered of the everlasting joy, they have shown us in brief song, and swift glimpse, something of the heaven that is never remote, except as our unbelief makes it so. They

are ever near us, the strong, the obedient, the tender. One of them, dark and veiled, has stepped over the door-sill, and carried away in loving arms the little ones we cherished, the mother we adored, the father we honored, the friends who made our sunshine.

"There is no flock however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no household howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair."

Not always have our eyes been clear to see, through the films and mists of our tears, the brightness of this angel's face, but to those whom he carries home, his countenance is benignant, and his enfolding is as that of the shepherd when he uplifts the lost lambkin and bears it to the fold. Precious in the Lord's sight is the death of His saints, and most honorable among those who stand before Him is the angel of life whom men call death. Could we but penetrate the thinness of the curtain between ourselves and our dear ones gone, we should behold them serene, satisfied, youthful and blessed forever.

In the fullness of the days, whenever our appointed time shall come, God's message, an arrow sharpened with love, shall very gently be let into our hearts. Till then we may wait, unfearing, undisturbed, till the Lord Whom we have sought to serve here has need of us there, where they go no more out.

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon!"

I like to think that the angel who was specially appointed to be our guardian during our earthly pilgrimage has his frequent errands to our homes and hearts from childhood to old age. We are told that in Heaven their (the children's) angels do always behold the face of our Father. As we remain children in knowledge and understanding even when gray hairs have crowned our temples, we cannot imagine the guardian angel ever laying down his commission. Many an invisible foe he fights with that we may pass scathless, many an unseen danger never touches us because between it and us the angel-shield is interposed, many a hopeful message he brings us from our Saviour's loving heart, and many a consolatory word he speaks in our times of anguish and grief. Always our own angel, hovering over cradle, over pillow, over task, over toil, over strife, over death-bed, and waiting on the river-brink, when we cross the last flood to take our hand and lead us into the presence-chamber of the Most High, and in that place of the new name and the new home, to guide us to the streets and the fields where we shall find the mansions of our loved ones gone before.

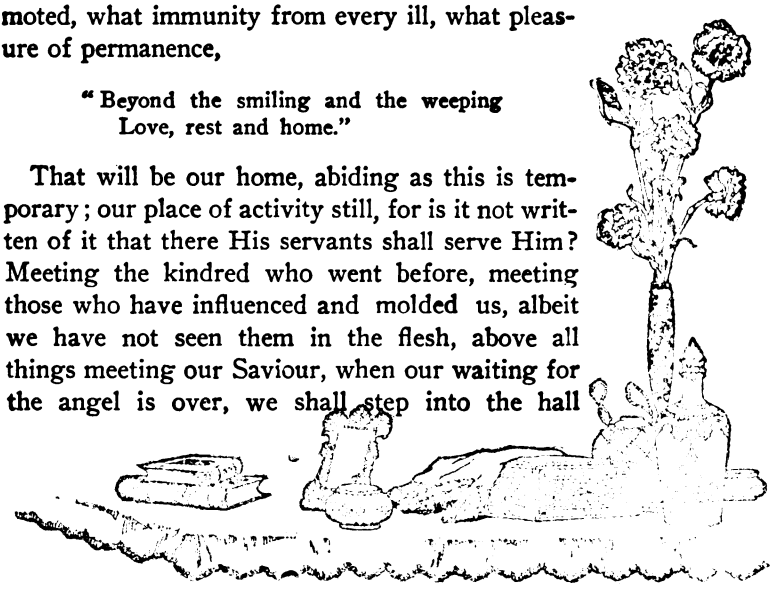
Every individual life being a plan of God, and every portion of the life, moment by moment under His eye, there is no mere fancy in the belief

that for each is appointed his times and seasons, and that no discipline is ever by accident, but that all is ordained. When we pray, when we praise, when in swift impulse or of deliberate intention we turn to the land beyond for help in this land of the wilderness and the ambuscade, our Lord Himself sends to us the very message and the very messenger needed then and there.

Sometimes, and tenderly, there may steal into our consciousness, an arrow sharpened by love, a warning in failing of hand or foot, of sight or hearing, a sudden arrest upon our activity, a low call in the night, telling us we are expected erelong, to serve in the courts above. Well may it be our own dear angel who gently loosens the silver cord a little, before it is broken, who softly gives us the first intimation that our life-school here is soon to end. What joyful freedom once we are promoted, what immunity from every ill, what pleasure of permanence,

> "Beyond the smiling and the weeping
> Love, rest and home."

That will be our home, abiding as this is temporary; our place of activity still, for is it not written of it that there His servants shall serve Him? Meeting the kindred who went before, meeting those who have influenced and molded us, albeit we have not seen them in the flesh, above all things meeting our Saviour, when our waiting for the angel is over, we shall step into the hall



of feasting, into the house of mirth, into the immortal health and beauty.

"We are on our journey home
Where Christ our Lord is gone,
We shall meet around His throne
When He makes His people one
In the New Jerusalem.

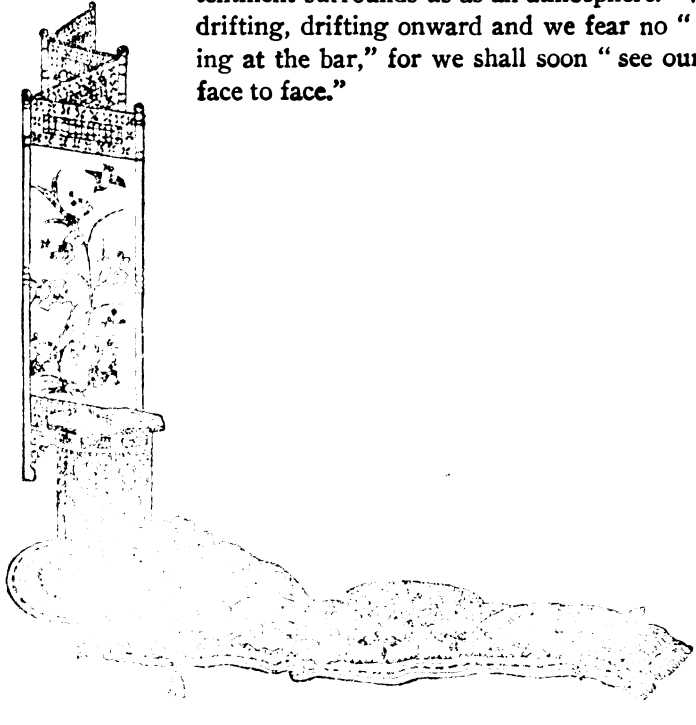
Oh, glory shining far
From the never setting sun,
Oh, trembling morning star
Our journey's almost done.
To the New Jerusalem."

Perhaps this waiting time may be one of physical weakness, and there may be a loosening grasp on the engagements which once seemed all important. The hardest lesson some of us ever learn is that life can go on without us. The housekeeper, strenuous and careful, mother-like in her excessive painstaking must face the fact that other hands will take up her work, and others rule where she has been supreme. It is fine when a woman can abdicate gracefully and graciously, not clinging to duties too burdensome for her strength, nor stubbornly asserting herself when the day for her successor's domination has arrived. I have seen once and again the most beautiful serenity enfolding an aged gentlewoman, no longer ministering except in her sweet patience and peaceful contentment, but ministered to by her household: by sons and daughters and grandchildren, to all of whom mother's room was a

very Holy of Holies. A light not of this world rested on the lovely brow, and filled the tranquil eyes; the trembling hands were tremulous only from feebleness of body; the heart was still strong in the Lord. No wonder the place was one to enter with hope and leave with grateful prayer; it was the ensphered place, where a child of God was waiting for the angels.

Towards our beloved who have already found this endless peace our yearning thoughts constantly turn. They may not speak to us, nor tell us of their joy, it is enough for us to know that our Master's word has pledged the everlasting felicity.

But we may, if we choose, send now and then our loving words to them across the separating space. When we bid farewell to a departing friend, we may put in her hands a token for the mother, the sister, the comrade who left us a little while ago, and whose going has shadowed our joy. It may well be that the blessed Lord will suffer them to hear from us though we hear nothing from them. This is not tampering with so-called spiritualism, effete and trivial, nor is it venturing to ascertain by psychical speculation or research what it has pleased God to conceal. I cannot do wrong in thinking that it may not be forbidden our sainted dead, sometimes to sit with us invisibly in the home circle, they, more living and more intensely conscious than when clogged

by mortality, sometimes to brood over us when we are ill and lonely and sometimes to stand close by us at the last, so that as the veil is rent, we see faces of father, mother, husband and wife, joyously beckoning us on. Who does not know that last ineffable smile of recognition on the countenances of the dying?

To the serenity of our waiting for the final Angel of Deliverance, all things contribute—memory, slow to receive the affairs of the moment, immaterial now, is back in the years when we were young. Hope weaves around us her rainbow arc, Love is unspeakably calm, free from gusts of passion, and pure as the snows of Lebanon, Contentment surrounds us as an atmosphere. We are drifting, drifting onward and we fear no "moaning at the bar," for we shall soon "see our Pilot face to face."